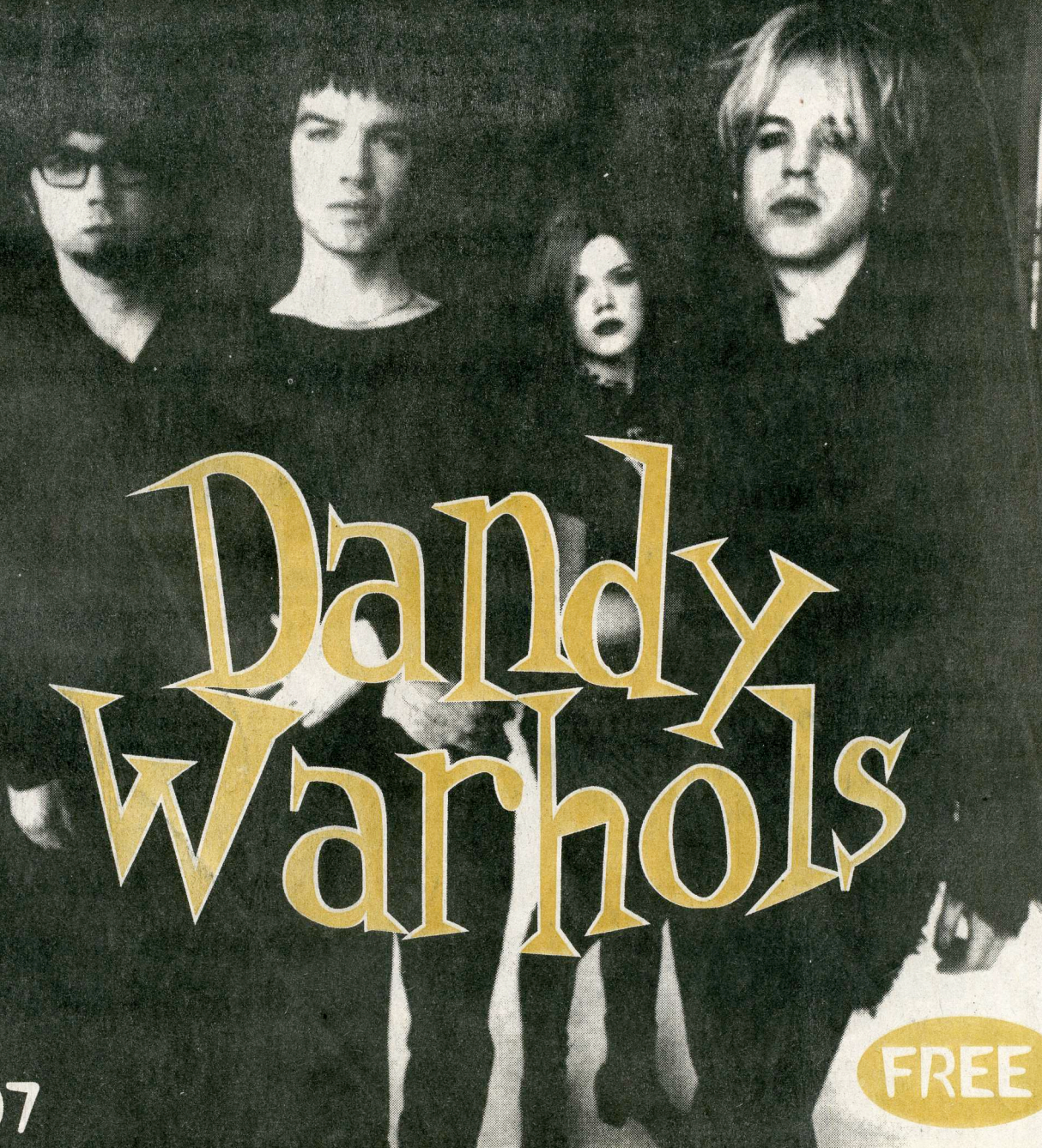


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# Dear Dickheads

Slug,

Hello, just writing to thank you for putting out such an uncompromisingly brutal and informative "zine" for FREE every month. Our area has quite a few well done zines/papers some with backwards scribbled pseudo/artsy headings and others trying so hard to be politically correct. Yours' is one I will always pick up. Anyway, I'm writing mostly to thank you guys for your generous challenge grant to Huzzah during KRCL's recent Fall Radiothon, and for your support for the station in general. (Also if you end up publishing this, then I'll also thank EVERYONE else that called in with their support to the Mighty 91 FM)

*Thanks again,  
English Brooks*

*ED: Thank you for noticing that we don't hate everybody, and understanding satire. Occasionally we do the right thing.*

*P.S. readers can catch the ska show Saturday nights 7-9 pm.*

To: [dicks@slugmag.com](mailto:dicks@slugmag.com)

Dear Dickheads,

I wish that Maranda Brady had not written that letter to Slug about Bustin' the Nut because I think that the guy who writes it probably got a big laugh out of it. She'll probably never see this but I wish that she'd realize that the kind of music Lugnut plays is so outdated out-

side of this little valley (metal that doesn't call itself metal) that if he ever gets anywhere, he'll feel just as worthless as she says he makes others feel. No one should take him or anything in Utah (except the Stella Brass) seriously.

*—Josh stuck in Utah*

From: [joenoes, cjws37@hotmail.com](mailto:joenoes,cjws37@hotmail.com)  
To [dicks@slugmag.com](mailto:dicks@slugmag.com)

Dear Dickheads,

I'm writing because of last months issue. It seems to me that this Maranda girl does not know what's going on. Every one talks shit about other bands and they talk good about there friends bands, it sounds like to me she's just trying to climb into some ones pants! if you know what I mean. That's sad, that some girl is sticking up for some band for that reason. That Jimmy Scott has different girlfriends every weekend. So be careful, your good will might break your heart.

Climb is a alright band, but they have no fucking respect for the female. I guess there one of those bands that are in it for the chicks.

Some of there supporters are girls to. I guess the point of this letter is, why be cool to some one that could give a shit about you.

*—thanks joe*

*Ed: Jeezus guys, leave Maranda alone already...*

**This issue is dedicated to  
my Uncle Frank**

**He loved music.**

**He was a funny man, a great painter  
and a pipe smoker till the end.**

**He was always nice to me, even when he  
could no longer remember my name.**

**R.I.P. 1912-1997**



**November 1997**  
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## **Our Thanks to...**

*Mark Ross, Jason B, Nicki, Kevin,  
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...not so long ago in an office  
not too far from here...

## media wars a continuing saga

So, I must have the coolest job in town. I can say ANYTHING I want about ANYONE, and nobody tells me I can't print it. I have a great lawyer. And I don't care about most of the weasels in town that pass for writers, music critics etc. Well, that makes for interesting fodder between the morons at the *Event* and the whining crybabies at *City Weekly*. Of course all SLUG writers (myself included) are never wrong, moronic or whiny. EVER!

Here's a little slice of the soap opera that is Zion Journalism.

Enter the players. *City Weekly* has Ben Fulton. Ben is king of the whiny writers. Apparently Ben takes those *City Weekly* "readers" polls too seriously when they give him the award of "Best Music Writer". This is the guy who passed on the *Psychone Rangers/Los Hermanos Brothers* show write up for an in depth and intriguing expose on Pat Travers! Other

Fulton accolades? He "knew about Tony Bennett before it was cool to know about him" Boom boom Ben, out go the lights. His sidekick/hackman is Bill Frost... Alias: HELEN WOLF. Ex SLUG hack who is still crying about his tenure at the almighty SLUG HQ. Bill's ego is only superseded by his enormous lack of originality. He likes to think that all the writers in town hate him. It makes him feel important. Sorry, Bill but at the last "I hate Bill" meeting the only one who showed up was you. So anywho, before the last SLUGFEST, BYO Records publicists called Mr. Fulton to see if he would write up the four bands they had in town to play the show. Ben told them he wouldn't because he didn't have a "good relationship" with SLUG. And he "doesn't want to see anymore comic strips about him". (Benji & Billy Show October SLUG pg.32) 1-800-WAAA! After being told that it was to help the bands, and

not SLUG, he still declined. Then I called Fulton and explained to him that we don't keep any SLUGFEST money, we just sponsor the show. He then told me that two and a half years ago he wrote a story that I responded to via fax and called him a "shit for brains hack who didn't deserve a writing job" TWO AND A HALF YEARS AGO. I told him maybe it was time to get on with his life. Then (the day of the show) he wrote that if you wanted to see an evening of horrible music, attend the show. It was funny watching the guys in all four bands read what Fulton wrote. "This guy is an idiot, isn't he?!" asked the singer for Pinhead Circus. Why yes, this is the best music writer in town, what am I thinking? Don't get me wrong, we make fun of them plenty. Crazy Uncle Grist rarely misses an opportunity to point out how idiotic our local hacks are. These guys are the best source of material in town.

Then there are the brain trusts at the *Event*. These guys put a picture of Circle Jerks on the cover with no story. They also proclaimed that the "late" Greg Allman was playing the Fairgrounds. Duane Allman's guitar chops are not what they used to be since HE IS THE DEAD ONE, not Greg! Second only to the death of Greg Allman, was the story by Kevin Avery complaining that the singer from Dishwalla stood him up for a phoner! Then our soul guide JR named Barry Scholl "ploppy pants", and got him a real job as editor of the glossy Valium Queen magazine. If it wasn't for William Athey, the *Event* might not get anything right. You see, in addition to his job as music proof reader (explaining who is dead & who ain't) for the *Event*, William works for SLUG. That makes him immune to any and all criticisms. Not to mention he knows more about ALL TYPES of music than the entire staff of The *Event* & *City Weekly* combined. Music hacks in town never talk shit about Athey, because they know he is the man, plus none of them are old enough to argue with him. I am, and still I lose. He has seen

everybody and written more shit than any of them. Besides, if they dis'd him, Athey would kick thier ass. The *Event* also has nothing good to say about *City Weekly*. Ever. This is a really bad pissing contest. Even when *City Weekly* does something right. Like NXNW. The *Event* slammed the NXNW as the "Sorriest Excuse For A Battle Of The Bands" And complained that the judging was bad. Athey was there. Even the girl from W.A.R. who obviously didn't understand the ballot system was there. I didn't see anyone else from the *Event* there... hmmm. I am curious to know if anyone at the *Event* even knows any local bands.

As for the Tribune, if thier musical knowledge were turned down any lower, it would be on zero. And Grid? Give me a break. The only thing everybody agrees on is that Grid is the worst mag out there by far. (p.s. Bill Frost also wrote for Grid) At least us shitty writers are shitty writers...

Oddly enough, the only person with a sense of humor about this tiff a trois' is *City Weekly* editor John Saltas. The more I talk to John, the more I like him. At least he is sincere and knows that being facetious is part of our bag. And *Event* editor Jim Major? I doubt that he cares.

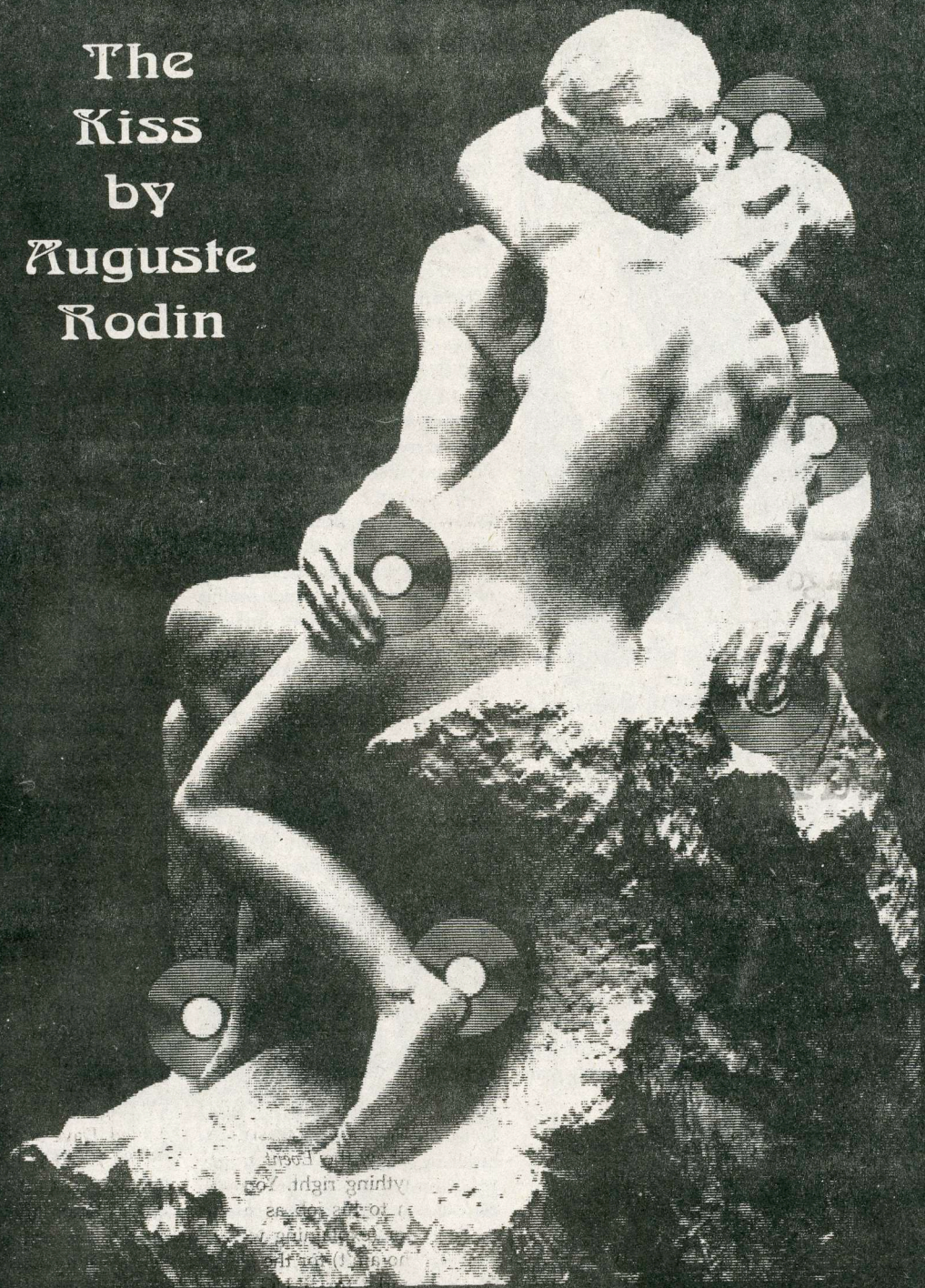
Finally there is our boy. Our most proud accomplishment. Our ringer, our hitman with a pen, David McClellen. Dave busts everyone's balls in his SLUG column, and then tells them to thier face that he was not kidding. Well, now the *Event* has named Dave's 'Bustin the Nut' "BEST AND WORST MONTHLY MUSIC COLUMN" He has since framed that issue and is threatening to quit/demanding a raise. We don't have the heart to tell him he writes the only monthly music column in town. (Grid has yet to hire someone to write about music)

So rock on boys (and girlscouts) our childish mud-fights make making fun of you the best (and easiest) part of my job... And if this offended any of you... grow up.

xoxoxo  
—Maxx



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Minions... the following letter was emailed to me last month. It is too long winded to print in it's entirety, but most of it is here. If you want to see the whole thing, it's posted on our website [www.slugmag.com](http://www.slugmag.com) go to Mr. Pink. It's funny, he calls me a "dumbass skatepunk posturer breathing air better reserved for the rats under our streets"

From: Ben Riggsby,  
lviathan@xmission.com  
To: Slug, dicks@slugmag.com

Mr. Pink (c/o Dickheads),

Where to start? MORON, IDIOT, IMBECILE- they'd all be fine ways to preface this, but I notice that they all have more than one syllable.

Why do you review movies? How many have you actually watched? Did you finish high school?

Let's start with the name Mr. Pink. Someone told you that Quentin Tarantino was the coolest thing in the world. You listened, and have clearly not given it a second thought. The reviews. I intend to question the content of your reviews later, but it will take time to actually draw content from your small and incoherent pile of words, so let's just cover what you seem to pass off (*sp*) as language. How does the "cool" scale work? Is "big cool"

cooler than "cool baby?" I was hoping you could sort out the rating system for me as there doesn't actually seem to be any SUBSTANCE in your reviews. Take, for instance, this sentence (*sp*) from your review of Daytrippers: "This movie is shot very un-Hollywood and that makes it even better." What in the hell are you trying to say? As for your taste in film and the general direction in which (*sp*) *grammar?* *missing word?* lean, it is quite clear that you (*sp*) *grammar?* *missing word?* incapable of rendering your own judgement. Why bother watching the movie if your (*sp*) just going to pass on the opinion of the big man in your little clan?

Once a Thief.... you liked it? It's the worst movie Woo's ever done! He's even said so himself. Finally, could you at least TRY to not publish completely and obviously fictitious (*sp*) information in your column? "Action geeks like Segal and Van Darn (I assume that's your hip slang for Van Damne (*sp*)) will never be seen in a Woo film." Yeah, I think the world of Woo and he is my favorite action director, but he does work with Hollywood's biggest: Travolta and Slater in Broken Arrow, Travolta and Cage in Face/Off, and YES (you utter fucking schmuck) Jean-Claude Van Damne, (*sp*) the star of John Woo's

first American theatrical release- Hard Target.

I hope someone at Hollywood Video does read your column, maybe they'll be as amused as I was by your lack of talent.

—The Leviathan

Listen up you mindless twit. If you want to read looning draaawwn out movie reviews, then write some. This column isn't about beautiful cascading cinematography and awe inspiring films like The English Patient. It's about short, direct and to the point reviews that people can rent if they want. As far as your infatuation with Mr. Woo, well I've met your kind and I can say I am less than impressed with you and your little clan of Woobots. Are you trying to say that John Woo films are without flaws, and *Once a Thief* doesn't belong? Bullshit. What about 'A Better Tomorrow'? Chow Yun-Fat gets killed at the end of the movie, but mysteriously returns as the corpse's twin brother in Part II. Woo's movies are laced with inaccuracies and hard to swallow plots, hard to swallow stunts, bad acting and so on. They are all about the action. Face/Off? What a joke.

And as far as your embrionic attempt at insulting my intellect, well that would have hurt alot more if it were coming from someone who could spell or form a proper sentence and/or say something original.

Here's a little insight for you Mr. Leviathan IF THAT IS YOUR REAL NAME... (sarcasm) There are some things that people like you will never understand.

A) There were only two Road Warrior movies made. 2) Vanilla Ice never recorded a record, nor did 2 Live Crew. C) Dustin Hoffman was never in Ishtar. 4) Aerosmith only made three albums and as far as my memory serves John Woo never made a movie called Hard Target starring your hero/idol Jean-Claude Van Damne.

So for the Woo impaired, here are what I consider to be his best three movies.

**Hard Boiled, A Bullet in the Head, The Killer**

Notice that *Once A Thief* is NOT on the list. Goodbye and fuck you Mr. Riggsby

**Breakdown**

Kurt Russell and movie wife Kathleen Quinlan have car troubles that lead to real big troubles in a small town in nowheresville. Namely J.T. Walsh. He is the guy who's name you don't know but you've seen him in a hundred movies, and always he's a prick. No change here. This movie was very intense. The story is strong and well directed without alot of Hollywood explosions and special effects. You know what is going to happen but it still drives you nuts. This movie is along the same vein as The Hitchhiker, Vanished and so on. Good show. See it with the wife.

## Batman & Robin

Joel Schumacher is a fucking genius. He made a movie so bad, that when the critics trashed it, no one thought it was actually that bad, and went to see it anyway. This is that movie. There are so many things wrong here, I don't know where to start. George Clooney is an obvious mistake. Christy O'Donnell is like a whiny little kid you want to smack, and Alicia Silverstone is laughable as Batgirl, or Batbabe, or Batbimbo, or whatever the hell she is trying to be. Arnold is the only one outside of Bain who doesn't make me sick to watch. Next time, try some dialog instead of handing each actor a list of catch phrases that they read off. i.e. Freeze says "everybody chill" Batman says "the heat is on Freeze" and Poison Ivy (Uma Thurman) says "my vines have a crush on you" This was pathetic. Probably the worst movie I have seen all year, in fact if I had to, I could list 25 shitty movies that came out this year that are better than Batman and Robin...

## Austin Powers

### International Man of Mystery

There are few scenes on film as funny as the scene in this movie where Myers tries to explain to Elizabeth Hurley that the 'Swedish Penis Enlarger Pump' is "not my bag, baby!" Other mentionables are Dr. Eevil "a good scrotum shaving does wonders, you should try it" and of course #2's Italian spy/confidante Alotta Fagina. I could rant about the cinematography and the 60's psychedelia direction, but then I would be full of shit. See it with someone you want to shag!!



## The Fifth Element

Wow! I am still trying to figure out how the guy who made this movie sold the idea to the studio. Bruce Willis is a taxi driver in like 2192 or some future age, and he gets recruited to save the world... of course he gets to sleep with "the savior of the planet" or "the perfect woman/fifth element of power/foreign superbabe"

## Sixth Man

Uhh... I am sure that this is probably Marlon Wayans "best movie", and there are In Living Color geeks who think he is talented, but this movie stinks. I knew it would, but I rented it anyway... It was filmed at UW, so I spent three bucks to see Seattle again (the Seattle you grunge posers never saw). Don't waste your time though, I did it for you.

## Addicted to Love

You know, almost everyone has had the desire to make an ex lover pay for his or her discretions. Some have even taken it a step further and done certain things. I for one pulled a few practical pay-

backs on an ex or two. My favorite prank was the sending of the flowers to make the new mate think your ex is cheating. They do that one, and a whole lot more in this flick as Matthew Broderick and Meg Ryan team up to drive thier ex lovers to the brink. They succeed, and of course fall in love. Pretty transparent plot, but still a well done vengeance with venom twist. This was one of my favorite movies this month.

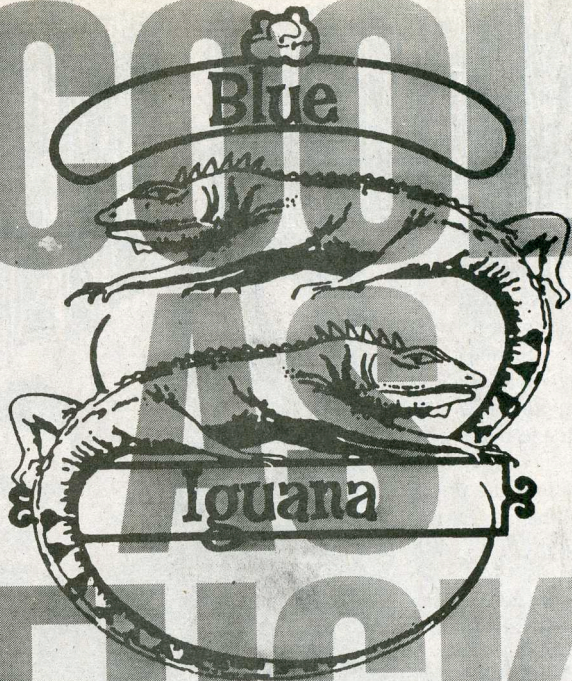
## Romy & Michelle's High School Reunion

If you want to see Lisa Kudrow & Mira Sorvino in really tight clothes and a really loose plot all the while trying to have thier breasts fall out then this movie is for you.

## Lost World

If you want to see Jeff Goldblum & the guy from Swingers in really tight clothes and a really loose plot all the while trying to have thier breasts fall out then this movie is for you.

—Mr. 'I don't think Tarantino is cool even for a minute' Pink



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# HUMAN WASTE PROJECT

Human Waste Project is one of those bands lost in a sea of mediocrity and hype. They signed to Holloywood Records hoping for some support due to major label muscle, advertising dollars and the power of the Disney Corporation. The release of *e-lux*, their debut was delayed and delayed and delayed. The band was noncommittal about the problems and they blamed problems on politics and the ICP controversy. I state bullshit. Human Waste Project didn't and hasn't received the slightest bit of support from their label. At this point in time, two months after the interview took place I view them as suckers for a tax write-off. Their publicist could barely manage to fax a brief biography, let alone a copy of the CD and in spite of support at the local level for their tours, label support is completely missing.

I talked to the entire group one afternoon just after they completed a soundcheck at Liquid Joe's. Jeff Schartoff (bass) answers the delay question. "I gotta be careful when I answer that one. They had some business, some political stuff that they were shifting around and we got caught up in a waiting game. They wanted to release it about three or four months after we recorded it, but all kinds of...without going into detail...just got in the way. We had to come up with a date that made sense and then also, when ICP got dropped, or getting pulled, they didn't get dropped, they got pulled. It didn't set us back, but we got set back because they were already set back." Believe it or not *e-lux*, originally titled *electrolux* was recorded during September and

October of 1996. The situation is not uncommon when the band is signed to a major label. Scott Ellis (drums) answers the name question. "What it means, this is from my perspective, when I came up with that quite a few years ago. It means, it's like an observation, kind of the way I'm seeing the negative side of the world work. It's also something that can creep into yourself, creating like a black hole. The name is kind of vague and it's kind of like the end of the line." Aimee Echo (vocals) adds, "Basically it's the end of the world. Watch out baby here it comes." Aimee Echo is her given name.

Sugar Ray are friends of Human Waste Project. As I later learned so are Korn. Now I

person can't do much.

How about the album's name change? Aimee fields the question. "We hit a copyright infringement with the Hoover people. They said we couldn't use their name. So we shortened it down to *e-lux*. E lux in latin means from out on the lake. It still holds the original meaning for us. Lux is latin for light and electra is a green star." Aimee is highly intelligent. She reads constantly and she earned straight A's in college. Theater and film were her majors and minors. The time arrived for the band to explain the songs. "Disease" was first. "That's basically about the music. How hard I had to fight for a lot of things. There was a lot of catty jealousy

know some readers are going to hold it against them, but don't. How does Human Waste Project know Sugar Ray? Aimee: "Just from living in the same neighborhood and playing around. We all became really good friends and kept sticking together. There were a bunch of us who stuck together from those earlier days..." What does Amy think of "Fly?" I think it's great. More power to them, they're the best party rock band in the whole world." I asked Aimee why the label is taking so long to release the album? I believe I've had a copy of the advance for nearly five months and it was finally released last month. Aimee gave the same answer as Jeff, but she said the label was waiting to get a team together to promote the album. Team? Promotion? Gee, I haven't encountered anyone working the album. Well there is one person, and thank God for her, but one





going on. "Shine"? "Shine is relating to, I don't know if you'd call it classical mythology, but it's a Virgin Mary/Jesus Song. It's that other take on it. The Last Temptation Of Christ take where, he actually did have sex with Mary. Heavy stuff. It's a Madonna-whore complex kind of thing." Simply put it's about a man who can't deal with woman on any level. The virgin shines a light too bright for him and the whore he turns to does exactly the same thing. "Hold Me Down" was the final song I asked about. Jeff, Aimee, Mike Tempesta (guitar) and Scott jumped in. "I knew he'd ask that one." "Sex and anger." "Are you bitter?" "Do you have issues, bring them to the group." Here is a brief portion of the lyrics. "I crawl into wet pools of you/It's home comfort - I could drown there - numb and quiet this urge to break down/I stay for you to hold me down/hold me down/I think I'm ready to give in/nearly broken/but it feels good." "Hold Me Down" is a little different than what it seems to be. It's about a fucked up relationship. The person was saying, 'you have to be with me, you have to be my girlfriend.' It's a commitment story. My fear of commitment to a T." And I thought it was some sort of rape/sado-masochism song.

Last question. This question brings the entire thing together. The first song on the CD is "Graverobbers From Mars." There are B-movie references in the biography. Were the Misfits an influence? "Oh yeah!" Aimee steps in. "Mike and Jeff used to work for Danzig at his comic shop." The band was very pleased that I had picked up on this. Congratulations were offered all around. Jeff talks about the job. "Our boss Ruthie was the coolest person. She ran the whole thing and then Glen would come in and do his Glen stuff, whatever in the hell he was doing. I got the job there and then I brought Mike in so we could get some extra money. Warehousing, shipping, making sure shit went where it was supposed to go. It was a cool job. All comic books. I love comic books I used to collect them when I was a kid. Plus working with someone who was a big influence was kind of surreal." Here's Jeff commenting on the new Misfits. "I don't want to talk shit on the band or anything like that, but without Glen, who is the Misfits, it doesn't make any sense." Maybe someday Human Waste Project will run into the new Misfits and the opinion will change because Jerry Only is sincere about what he's doing and he works awfully hard doing it. I believe he was and still is an original Misfit.

Now for the record. As already mentioned "Graverobbers From Mars" begins the affair. Spooky organ and Echo's screams are the perfect introduction to what follows. As "Disease" begins Echo's description of "catty jealousy" is ripped from her throat. She is a woman fronting what is essentially a heavy metal band. Go figure because Coal Chamber is another group of friends from the neighborhood. Echo writes the lyrics and she sings them as part vixen, part little vulnerable girl and mostly pissed off grown up woman. Sensuality and anger compete for the attention attention and all eyes are focused on the frontperson as the band rips through one tune after another. The music is devastating, but Echo's vocals make the record. Sorry Jeff, Mike and Scott, but your star is Echo. "Shine" is the obvious hook-laden, pick for an MTV video and airplay on whatever station is daring enough to play hard melodic music. Echo has revealed that "Hold Me Down" is an anti-commitment song, but the way she sings it...well...no wonder the boyfriend wanted to own her. Except people aren't possessions. "Electra" has Echo wishing upon a green star, she's bleeding again and her use of little girl vulnerability makes me wonder why I didn't ask about the song. I believe domestic violence is present, but not in Utah.

Call e-lux an album waiting for attention. It could become like that Drill thing I spent some time on, forgotten, relegated to obscurity and all of that. Women fronting heavy rock bands appear to intimidate the mostly male governors of that side of the industry. If America doesn't catch on then Human Waste Project needs to take the tour to Europe where patriarchy isn't so much of a factor.

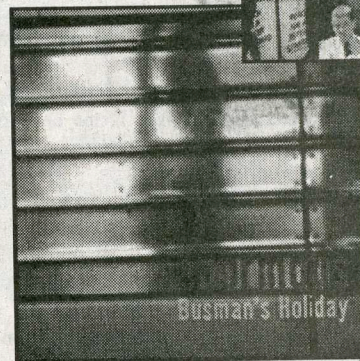
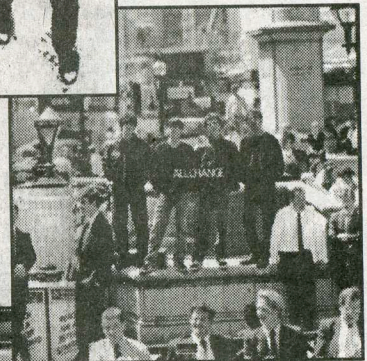
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# bustin' the nut

Baby, it's megalomaniac, not egomaniac. Get it right. Since we last had the opportunity to chat, your's truly has taken over the booking for Spanky's Cinema Bar. Don't get too excited, I'm not running the numbers racket that goes on down in the basement or the under age whore house that will soon be dominating most of the upstairs pool hall, just taking care of the live music situation that takes place wednesday through saturday nights on the ground floor. This is great for me because it enables me to see the other side of what goes on in the gig getting process that not too many bands pay attention to. And what is the toughest part about getting a gig at a club? Probably getting the clubs booking agent on the phone. Really that's all there is to it. I'm sure clubs in L.A. are much harder to get in to, especially on the premium nights, but really it all boils down to working the phone and being open to playing any type of show. So this month I'm going to lay it all out for you and tell you what exactly goes on in the booking process and how things get done on this side of the fence, at least in Utah, land of the crazy liquor laws. First off you need a phone and preferably an answering machine or pager. This is essential.

Secondly you need a complete band that has a name and at least forty minutes worth of music that you are able to play. This is not that essential but it helps greatly as you will see later on.

Thirdly you should probably have a demo tape or disc of some sort to give to the club so they can hear you and decide for themselves what kind of music it is that you play. Again this isn't totally necessary, especially to get gigs with me (because I'm a slut and will do just about anybody), but it is an absolute must if you plan on booking out of state. And last and definitely least you could include a biography and press kit. These are totally cheesy and are used mostly for garbage can liners, but if you feel like you need to impress somebody with your strange and unusual upbringing and nutty band history, be my guest. Lots of big promoters around the country require it, because in their feeble cash oriented

minds they must know exactly how to market a band in order to book it properly. Now for me, the demo tape or disc is the most important tool in booking somebody for a number of reasons. Most bands don't know how to describe their sound so it's better for me to describe it and pair them up with another band that complements the music.

Two songs is more than enough if your on a limited budget and they are extremely cheap to make. Here's Dave's quick and easy starter up demo kit for under \$100. Rehearse alot and book a show at Spanky's. Remember, I'll book just about anybody. Call Jason Meadows, our sound guy in advance and tell him you are interested in making a live tape of your show. He has a few different options for taping your show but most run well under \$100, just talk to him about what you want and how you want to use it. Remember, a demo is just that: it is not a disc to sell, it's a demonstration of what your band sounds like to get you more work. Most clubs have a cassette deck or DAT that can be run right out of the board and mixed later. Very cheap and easy. You can even fix the fuck ups.

Pick two songs that you think sell the band and start dubbing your songs over the cheapest tapes you can find. Buy some cheap white labels at Office Max and put your band's name and contact person and phone number on the cassette and there you have it. That is all you need. The rest is pure phone work and tenacity. Plenty of out of town bands send me cassette tapes of themselves live and a list of dates they would like to play. Follow up calls are essential because I'll book any unknown band to be an opener, just as long as I'm not the one making the long distance call to do it and they are willing to play for part of the door and play by the rules. And the rules are simple. The first \$50 the door takes in goes to the soundman to pay his salary. The remainder of the cash is divided between the bands. Every night is different and certain out of town bands on major labels of course get guarantees, but for most of us hacking it out, we split up the door. If you do well, it is always admirable to tip the door-

man, after all he's getting paid by the club, but he's really working for you, convincing people to pay the cover and attend the performance. If you don't want to sound like a pile of dogshit, turn the guitars down! This is essential at any club. Pay attention to your sound man. If you've just bought the new Mesa Boogie Triple Rectumstuffer half stack and are used to blasting out dropped B chords at full volume, forget it. Learn how to turn down and let your instruments sit in the mix. A good sound man will have you blasting through the PA system rather than through your amp. Trust me, don't be a dick to the soundman at any club if you want to play there again. If for some reason he's an ass to you, call the promoter and complain. Someone telling you to turn it down does not qualify as being a dick. Remember, most people who come to see your shows are not used to a full on guitar assault. It really does drive people away. The last rule is be courteous to other bands because they are your bro's and you never know when a little kindness and compassion can make a hard night turn into fun. Since the closing of the Bar and Grill, there aren't too many places for new bands to play in Salt Lake City. You have to politic to get shows at most of the other venues in town or be on of several varieties of dance band. If your not in the loop, you're out. What I've done with Spanky's is to try and set up newer bands with the more popular acts, sometimes three a night so that the show is a success. If three relatively unknown bands promote a show properly, it should be a good show. The liquor laws prohibit anyone from mentioning anything about alcohol in print, so you must take care when preparing a flyer. I'm talking a \$3,000 fine here, so take note! Flyers and posters are essential to promotion of a successful show. All flyers have to say "A Private Club For Members" on the bottom in legible writing and can absolutely never mention or allude to the fact that there will be alcohol or drink specials or anything of that sort. Ignorance of the local laws will not save your ass from getting slapped with a fine and you will force the club to cancel your show to save it's own ass. The Utah liquor laws suck

big, black elephant dick, just like the paranoid religious fucks who created them and are replete with idiotic grey areas and other assorted hypocritical bullshit that goes beyond the scope of this article. Just for your information though the state regulates the liquor flow even to the point of making every restaurant, bar, and nightclub purchase alcohol at the same State Liquor stores that you and I go to. No bulk discounts or free bottles from the distributors like it is in other states. And what big, white underwear wearing, religious fanatical pussies are responsible for regulating the State Liquor stores and making outrageous tax dollars off of pure liquid sin? The Jews? No, too busy in Hollywood! The Buddhists?! No, too busy courting the Jews to make more Nazi movies with Brad Pitt! The god-damned Catholics?!?! Hell no! Way too busy counting all the loot they've pillaged in the name of the big J.C. ! The Protestants? Get real, there aren't any Kennedy's in SLC. They've paaahhhked thaa caaahh in Haaahhhvaaad yaahhhhd and haven't been able to move uncle Teddy's ass out of the lot since (and we are none the wiser)! The Mormocrites. That's who. Don't get me wrong, in theory it all sounds nice and neat and I'm all for spiritual guidance, better health through living in a cultural vacuum, and don't rape thy neighbor lest thy neighbor may rape thee type bullshit, but unless you can ante up and show me some golden fucking tablets that are written in an unknown language, you're all just a bunch of overly horny pedophiles running a tax free numbers racket, getting rich off other people's inability to control their lives. Sin is easy to sell. Much like a Porsche or a Harley it sells itself. And what does my ranting about Moronism have to do with band demo getting booked stuff? Nothing. I just thought it would be fun to alienate some people because I'm mean spirited and selfish and I worship the devil! Call me up and book a show @ 359-1200 or at my voice mail at SLUG @ 487-9221. And if you can't stand the liquor laws in Utah, don't get mad... GET EDUCATED!!! GET INVOLVED!!! CREATE CHANGE!!!

—David McClellan



# ASHBURY PUB

Wednesday, 11- 5  
KLUB EKLEKSTACY

Thursday, 11- 6 Atomic Deluxe

Friday, 11- 7 Elbo Finn & Chill

Saturday, 11- 8 Mountain Hippie

Monday, 11- 10 John Flandels &  
Reversible Things

Tuesday, 11- 11 - James Shook

Wednesday, 11- 12 -  
KLUB EKLEKSTACY

Friday, 11- 14 - Baby Jason & the  
Spankers - CD Release Party

Saturday, 11- 15 - Baby Jason &  
the Spankers - CD Release Party

Monday, 11- 17 - Chola

Tuesday, 11- 18 - Mary Tebbs

Wednesday, 11- 19 -  
KLUB EKLEKSTACY

Thursday, 11- 20 -

Kirsty MacDonald &  
Lerraine Horstmanhoff

Friday, 11- 21 - Sun Masons

Saturday, 11-22 The Donner Party

Monday, 11- 24 - Icarma

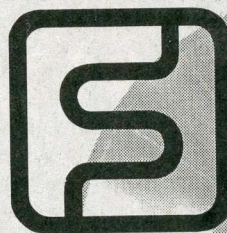
Tuesday, 11-25 - John Cavanaugh

Wednesday, 11- 26 -  
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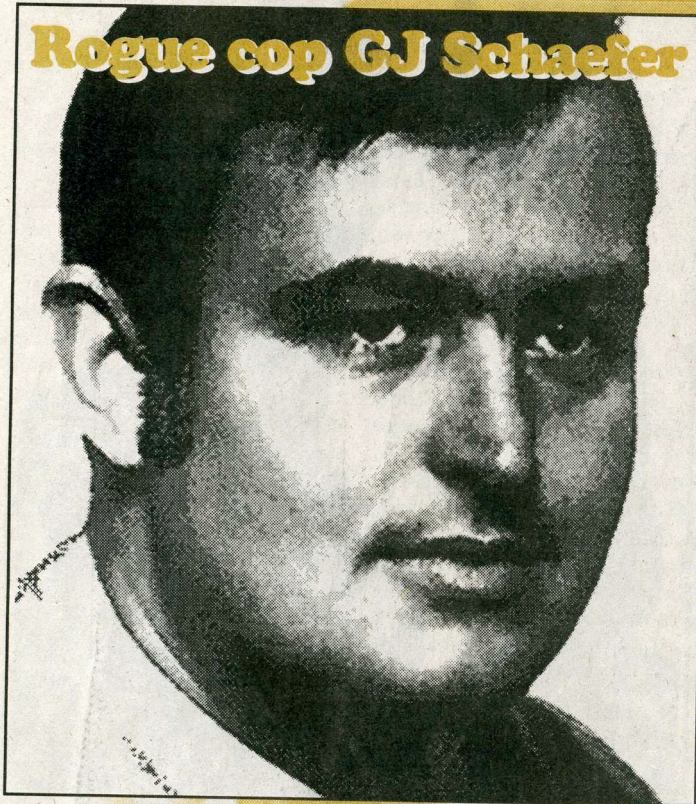
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# Serial Killer Of The Month

## Rogue cop GJ Schaefer



*Lady-killer, baby-raper,  
Fallen angel, voice from hell,  
Found slaughtered in his cell.*

*Killer fiction, killer fact  
Scripted his own final act.  
Criminal justice took his life  
By enigmatic bloody knife.*

*Infamy inscribed his name.  
Thus inevitably slain  
The killer victim on the floor  
Will perpetrate — nevermore.*

Gerard Schaefer in his own words.

"Doing doubles [double murders] is far more difficult than doing singles, but on the other hand it also puts one in a position to have twice as much fun. There can be some lively discussions about which of the victims will get to be killed first. When you have a pair of lively teenaged bimbolinas bound hand and foot and ready for a session with the skinning knife, neither one of the little devils wants to be the one to go first. And they don't mind telling you quickly why their best friend should be the one to die.

"My own preference was in the preliminaries, and the increasing

terror generated by the woman's awareness that she was in the hands of a homicidal maniac. I was entranced by the various ploys that the captive women would use in order to save their lives. Most of them would try something, and I made it a game to see how long it would be before the victim would request to be killed.

"This entertainment varied from one victim to another, and it might take the form of physical or psychological torture. If and when the lady decided to say she'd had enough, I was quite willing to put her out of her misery — if she asked nicely. This sort of experiment is perfect for a person of sadistic tendencies, since we sadists do not consider our victims to be genuinely human. Ted [Bundy] never thought of the women he killed as persons, but only as objects. I did the same and found it an excellent way to avoid any human feeling for them. I guess one would consider that a sociopathic quality, but what the hell, we all have our faults, and I am no different than anyone else in that respect."

Gerard Schaefer, a six-foot-two-

inch tall deputy sheriff in Martin County Florida, drove along the beach in Florida in July of 1972 when he stopped to pick up two hitchhikers. Eighteen-year-old Nancy Trotter and seventeen-year-old Paula Sue Wells. The pair met in Chicago and traveled down to Florida for some vacationing. Schaefer picked them up in his patrol-car. They were, he said, breaking the hitchhiking laws. But instead of taking them to the local police department, he dropped them off at their house. Before he left, he offered to take them to the beach the next day when he would be on plain-clothes-duty.

The next day he offered to take the two young women out to see a Spanish castle which he knew about. They had no reason to distrust the twice-married twenty-six-year-old officer, and they happily drove out on the Indian River side of Hutchinsons Island, a narrow, 20-mile-long sand bar that stretches from Stuart northward to Fort Pierce.

But they became nervous when Schaefer steered his Datsun onto a narrow dirt road and followed the track far into the scrub. At last they pulled up to a woodshed which the young sheriff insisted was the old fort. The place was deserted except for the quiet buzz of mosquitoes, and the large, low growing palmetto trees. Trotter and Wells wanted to leave.

Excited by the fear of the girls, Schaefer called them runaways and said he would have to arrest them and send them home that way. He ordered the pair to get out, he searched them, and then he handcuffed them.

He pushed them back into the rear-seat of the white sedan where he started to threaten to sell them into white slavery. He asked if their parents would pay a kidnappers ransom for them. He suggested he would just bury them alive out in a forgotten place.

Next he pulled the two women from the car and, with ropes and rags in his trunk, he gagged and bound them. Then he set them on the exposed roots of the banyon trees, and threw a noosed rope over

a high limb. With both girls precariously balanced and ready to strangle if they fell of the root, Schaefer wandered into the woods, explaining that he was looking for a man to whom he could sell them.

Well, the two girls managed to escape the clutches of the evil, but stupid Schaefer. They headed to the main highway, still handcuffed. Schaefer returned to the scene to find the two would-be-victims gone.

He raced to phone his Sheriff, Robert Crowder. "I've done something foolish," he said. "You're going to be angry with me." Well it was only a few hours later that Schaefer was debarred from the force and was being tried for false imprisonment and aggravated assault. His trial was to be held August 14. He was free on bail.

September 27 Schaefer accompanies Georgia Jessup and Susan Place from Susan's house. Schaefer says, "We're going to the beach to play some music." Neither girl comes back. But Susan's mother Lucille had written down Schaefer's license plate number. So after some days she has the license searched, but the number the police get is written down wrong. No license plate matches the number. Then the bodies are found, dug up by wild animals. They had been dismembered and decapitated. The only proof of identity left were dental records which matched the two girls.

This brought much attention to the case, and the License number was re-examined. The clerical error was found and the correct license number brought up the name of an inmate being jailed for the assault of two girls. Gerard Schaefer.

Schaefer's case was open and shut. His personal belongings contained items from both victims, and many other victims. He wrote and extensive diary of his deeds and his desires. He was convicted of the two murders. He was condemned to two life terms in Florida State Prison. Last year, January, Gerard Schaefer was knifed to death in his cell.

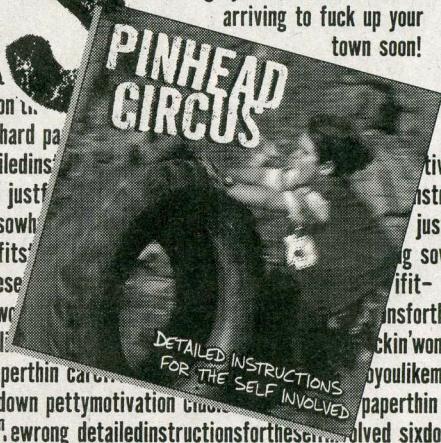
—St. Feltcher



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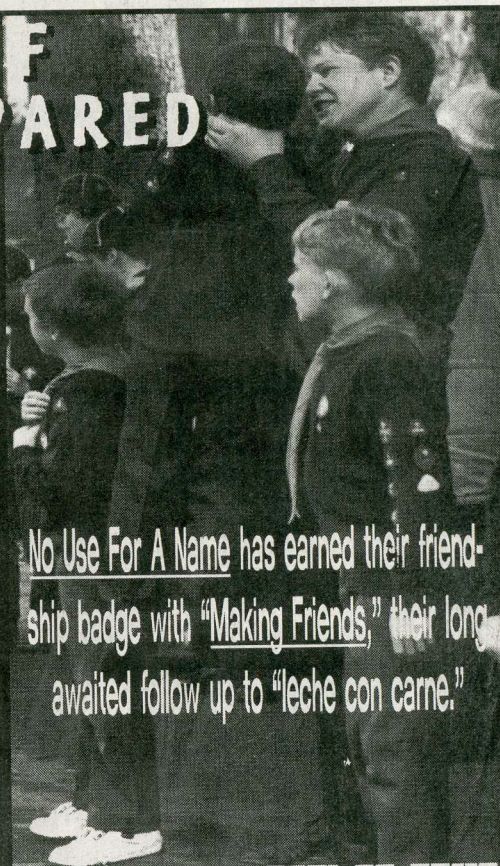


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# The Cramps Live

I was talking to a record industry worker calling from Los Angeles on the day of the Cramps show. When I mentioned the Cramps appearance to her she said, "You sound like you live in Utah." I guess in Los Angeles the Cramps aren't fashionable. I doubt that the record industry worker in question has ever seen the Cramps live. Listening to the records is a pleasing experience, but when the band takes the stage the experience is something else altogether. Poison Ivy was resplendent in a gold sparkling body suit. Some in the audience were guessing her age, but I'm not about to look it up. The woman is a beauty no matter how old she is. Stiletto heels and a large red Gretsch hollow-body rounded out her "outfit. Lux Interior wore a leopard print body suit tucked into high heeled black boots. Slim Chance on bass wore black vinyl slacks and his boots had the highest and sharpest heels. I didn't get a good look at the drummer, Harry

Drummini.

Ah, but I precede myself. The Demolition Doll Rods were the first band on the stage. Their music is minimalist psychobilly. The guitarist/bassist had large breasts which were barely covered. She wore a G-string. The drum kit consisted of two floor toms and the drummer was dressed the same as the guitarist/bassist. The only male in the group covered his nipples and wore a thong to hide his genitals. He was a wasted, anorexic looking individual. The females probably exercise him nearly to death as their sex slave at the same time they deprive him of food. As I said the music was minimalist psychobilly and many in the audience didn't approve. I found the Demolition Doll Rods pleasing in appearance and performance. Guitar Wolf appeared as Japanese motorcycle hoods. The fuzz and distortion present on the records was not provided in the live setting, but nevertheless their brand of pure garage

rock was an exciting relief from the typical "alternative" so commonly viewed on local stages.

Back to the Cramps. I found the moshing to psychobilly somewhat unusual, but maybe the Los Angeles record industry worker was correct, in Salt Lake City any live music requires a "mosh pit." The band played a few selections from their new album, although I didn't catch my favorites, "Monkey With Your Tail" or "Sheena's In A Goth Gang." Interior's vocals were a little muddy, but that is common to the venue, all vocals are muddy in DV8. One highlight was "Garbage Man." Another was "TV Set," and the rendition of the Count Five's "Psychotic Reaction" was splendid. The grand finale was beyond description. In past appearances Interior has been more energetic while Ivy has been less active. She moved more than usual and he was more tranquil - tranquil until the encore cover of the Trashmen's "Surfin' Bird." One of Interior's more famous stage antics is microphone fellatio. This he did standing, crawling and laying on his back. Grunts, groans and all manner of obscene noises emerged from the sound system as Interior satisfied the

microphone. He of course broke the mike stand in half and he climbed a speaker stack and humped it until he ejaculated spit from his mouth.

Many in attendance were Cramp concert veterans. The audience was a who's who of the old guard of Salt Lake City's underground. Some people, probably attending their first Cramp's show, misbehaved. Once again the Los Angeles record industry worker came to mind because misbehavior at concerts is a common Salt Lake City trait. Numerous plastic cups were thrown from the upper balcony onto the stage. Someone sprayed a full bottle of beer on the lower audience and on the Cramps. The most frightening act of misbehavior came as the Cramps completed the set and left the stage. Someone threw a full drink, complete with ice, which narrowly missed Poison Ivy. If I were the Cramps I would have said fuck Salt Lake City and not come back for an encore. Give the band their due, they came back and let it all hang out for the encore. The audience left satisfied and satiated, exactly the way they should leave after any magnificent musical performance.

Elder Johnson

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# GOD STREET WINE



I'll certainly be the first to admit that God Street Wine is a curiosity in Slug Magazine. That's why this phone conversation is running as it happened without any editorial opinion. The new CD is titled *God Street Wine*. The interested can go to a store and listen before they buy. God Street Wine will perform at the Zephyr Club on November 10. It is nearly 1998. In 1968 The Band released *Music From Big Pink*. In 1971 The Allman Brothers released *Live At The Fillmore East*. In 1967 Buffalo Springfield had an FM radio hit titled "For What It's Worth." If God Street Wine can sign a major label contract then what in the fuck are the Jackmormons doing without one?

SLUG Magazine talked to Aaron Maxwell, God Street Wine's vocalist/guitarist. He's a long-winded sort of fellow so portions of the conversation were removed due to space considerations. Maxwell is also friendly and personable, a gentleman.

SLUG: "Did Bill Wray make you try to play any zydeco?" Bill Wray has worked with Zachary Richard in the past. AM: "He didn't try to make us do anything. Anything he wanted us to do we were definitely obliged and willing. He has a real knack for getting the essence of the band out of them." SLUG: "Do you consider yourself a hippie jam-on band?" AM: "I am a person who doesn't really believe in labeling. I don't know what that means exactly. I think everybody has their own identity and can say their own things. I think that label is put on bands to be able to categorize them and make them more acceptable. I consider us that if it means comparing ourselves to bands that really care about music, want to really work hard at their craft or at what they're doing. We do like to improvise a lot. Every show is different. So if that means that we're a hippie jam band, yeah, we are and I don't have any problems with

that. It's the connotations that it conjures up in some people's mind that I have problems with because they'll miss it or something. 'Oh, they're just a jam band' and they think they know everything that you do because they have that preconception in their head." SLUG: "It's a media thing not a musician thing?" AM: "Right. It's kind of like a stereotype and it used to really bother me, but I came to the conclusion that if that's what people need to understand where it's coming from then let them. Just as long as they listen to the music."

SLUG: "Is there a bootleg culture surrounding you?" AM: "Yeah, definitely. We have a lot of kids that tape our shows and trade them around. We have a...we don't have it...there's actually an Internet kind of...I don't know what you call it...a chat thing where people trade tapes and that's really a beneficial thing for word of mouth because all of our shows are different people

like to...I got this particular show where they did this or that you know? That's another aspect of why people would say that we're a hippie band." SLUG: "Do they name themselves?" AM: "They're affectionately termed 'Winos'. We didn't coin that it just came up I think." SLUG: "Were the Allman Brothers an influence at all?" AM: "It's funny because I wouldn't say that we set out to sound like the Allman Brothers or they weren't something we listened to religiously or anything like that. After we opened for them for a few weeks, that was probably a huge influence on us. Just kind of seeing their work ethic and the fact that they were still doing it after all those years. I kind of went out thinking, 'I don't know how these guys are going to sound.' They blew me away every night. I think it was kind of a natural thing where we had two guitar players who both played lead and it was a natural thing for us to work in two guitar melodies and stuff like that. People say the Allman Brothers and at this point I think that's a very flattering statement because they're an amazing band."

SLUG: "I've seen the Allman Brothers do a 30-minute version of 'Melissa.' Do you have anything like that? Have you ever done a 30-minute version of one of your songs?" AM: "There's not a certain song. For us, on this tour especially, we've been going out without a structured set-list. What happens is, any kind of tune can become something else or kind of meld itself into something else and we'll jam on it for awhile you know? It's not like any specific song can be a 30-minute song, we'll kind of set ourselves up. Okay we can take this song out somewhere and lead it to somewhere else. Let's keep that in mind while we're out there. Maybe that will happen and maybe it won't. SLUG: "It depends on the feeling or the moment?" AM: "Exactly and that's kind of a breakthrough for us because we used to structure our sets quite rigidly. Then we realized that it flowed so much better when we can react at the moment. Just do it how we feel we want." SLUG: "At one point in time you all lived in the same



house in upper New York state.”  
 AM: “Well, yeah, it was about 45 minutes from New York City.”  
 SLUG: “Did you ever feel like The Band living with Bob Dylan in Big Pink?” AM: “Yeah, there was that kind of comparison. But for us it was a real turning point for our band. Before that we were all living in New York City and kind of all scattered and not really that focused and that gave us the opportunity to play all the time and practice all the time and really dedicate ourselves to it. It really took us to a new level. We didn’t have to worry about paying by the hour to rehearse and that kind of thing. We ended up making our first album for Mercury in our house, which was *Red*. We turned our house into a recording studio and made that record there. That was quite different from this last record. We were experimenting with many different things, really left up to our own devices for better or for worse. That house was definitely a place where we could experiment with quite a few things.”

I’ll interrupt the conversation here because the next portion concerns the number of albums God Street Wine has recorded and the number of times they have visited Salt Lake City. But Maxwell did offer this comment on Salt Lake City. “You never know where it’s going to happen. Salt Lake City was one of those places where it’s always been people there. You don’t know why, but somehow it happens and we appreciate that.”  
 SLUG: “I believe that’s all the questions I have. Oh, wait, I have one more. Is John Popper really a gun-toting fascist?” AM: “I don’t know if I can comment on that. I’m not going to deny it and I’m not going to affirm that either. He’s a really good guy. He’s been a friend to the band for a long time. I wouldn’t want to mess with him in a dark alley.”  
 You SLUG’s probably don’t even know who John Popper is do you? His harp is a feature of several songs on the new God Street Wine album.  
 —Herbal Joe

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# Crazy Uncle Grist's Horoscope Crazy Uncle Grist's Horoscope

## AQUARIUS JAN 20-FEB 18

A knuckle sandwich as a snack is as valid as any. By the same token there is no exact science to being the next one through A revolving door. I am picking all of your big questions! And this month the train engineer of your life pulls the cord and screams "lookout fuckers"!!! And the wolf you named ego would rather eat a hand full of lettuce than chew off it's own leg.

## PISCES • FEB 19- MAR 20

Most people visualize the soul as a transparent outline of your body inside Your body this is not so. I have seen the soul and I can tell you That is not what it looks like. Unfortunately to describe it to you I would have to rip your eyes out of your head. But you can believe me when I tell you all souls look the same And they look more like an anvil than any thing.

## ARIES • MAR 21 - APRIL 19

Skinny was a two bit punk who wasn't worth his weight in cigarette butts He dealt blackjack at the jumbo red ribs all you can eat room. In The desert royal casino skinny had no body, no thing, no place but skinny Was Ok with skinny.

## TAURUS • APRIL 20 - MAY 20

In a cold quiet spot in your mind the walls are rusted damp steel. The Condensation is so heavy that a layer of water has formed on the floor And this is the only surface that captures any light. In this place you walk naked and alone. Each step sounds like half inch Steaks being dropped from the ceiling "slap" "slap" your feet on a cold Wet floor. You come across a block of whiteness in this dark vacuum of light. Instinctively you know what you must do. You kneel before the

block The light it sheds softly lights the contours of your body. You ease your self down upon the block you turn your face to caress the Block and..... Oh, oh..... Dry ice!!

## GEMINI • MAY 21 - JUNE 20

You are soft as a whisper. The blood courses beneath our skin like two wild rivers running in Opposite directions, buffered by two layers of skin moving slowly Across each others endless planes

You are paradise incarnate, unfortunately you have Kenny g CD's And I have a cat. Mmm hmmm.

## CANCER • JUNE 21 - JULY 22

How do you define happiness?

A shinny red sports car?

A boat? A pile of money?

A roof over your head? A blanket?

Self realization? Status? To wear leather chaps and ride someone around like a pony? Or to have someone who wears leather chaps ride you around like a pony?

## LEO • JULY 23 - AUG 22

That's not a runny nose pal that's a nose bleed. And that bubbling sound, it's not coffee friend that's your brain And that's not the Fred Flintstone whistle to get off work that's the Ringing in your ears. People who try to make the "glass is half empty or half full analogy with you are wasting their time. Because you are the slam down whatever is in the glass put it back on the counter and say fill it back up person.

## VIRGO AUG 23 - SEPT 22

In this coming up 24th of July parade you have a mission! You need to Make a float and some how get it in the parade. But first this is how you Make it you need

to make a female mannequin. You need a working sprocket Mechanism (maybe a clock) in the mannequins hollowed out stomach and a Cannon set up between the mannequins legs that fires 1 baby at a time.( At Least 100 yards) on what would appear to be a lazy Susan 30 feet in the Air so that it turns out firing baby's in all directions. Next, you need to make a one hundred dollar bill 20 feet tall with arms And legs and a big smile. Face it toward the front of the float. Make the Arms reaching out with puppeteer strings attached to it's fingers and Attach the other end to a 15 foot Mormon official Have his hand out-reached and puppeteer strings attached to a 10 foot Jesus and strings from him to a 5ft. Mormon parishioner and have the Parishioner with one hand reaching for his wallet and one hand in the Ballot box and the whole thing setting on a giant green jello mold. To do this is your destiny. Don't stop until you have fulfilled your Destiny.

## LIBRA • SEPT 23 - OCT 22

Apparently there is a world out there where the super cool elite live There are no ugly people no average people and no one short of super Model. And they all wear the same kind of jeans or the same Body perfume or they all have some snake oil in common. And I don't know how, but all of the women have got a hold of every shirt That I ever wore in the 7th grade. I decided long ago that the super cool Elite are here to amuse me. The super cool elite in fact are not! It is Only the affirmation between themselves that keeps them believing. And This gives them the power over the minds of the weak that buy into this Sort of thing. Do you think that I invented the term "super cool elite" no, I did not! When you spend this much effort to project an image..... Well, do I need to finish? You tell me.

## SCORPIO • OCT 23 - NOV 21

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago\_\_\_ never mind how long precisely Having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to Interest me on

shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the Watery part of the world.

## SAGITTARIUS • NOV 22 - DEC 21

Zip, zero, zilch, nadda, doughnut that is what I am getting on you this Month. So pack up your bags turn off all the lights and hide under your Bed because for you the future is undetermined!!!! I can sympathize it Will be a living terror not knowing what is coming or what to do. Sorry.

## CAPRICORN DEC 22 - JAN 19

Michele was relieved of her suit jacket, revealing a sheer pink blouse That only slightly veiled her well-filled bra. "well, go ahead," Barbara invited her as she put away Michele's jacket And her own. "make yourself at home. What will you drink?" "um, seven and seven." Barbara crossed the room to a small bar, tuned the stereo to soft music, And began making drinks while Michele looked around. The older woman Brought up two glasses as the blonde peeked through the open bedroom door. "here y'are. Cheers." "um. Good. Oh, what a big, beautiful bed. Your apartment is wonderful, Barbara." "thanks. I like it. Come sit on the couch with me and relax. You seem Nervous. Can't you forget I'm the boss? We're friends." "sure, Barbara." Michele was not willing to tell Barbara that her Nearness was the real reason for her nervousness.

## MurphyTaverogue

Want positive? How about you get your asses out of that bar and get on with reality. When I see a bar open in the afternoon, all I can picture is A bunch of Herb Tarlics in side swilling back Harvey Wallbangers to either Soften the blow of going back to their shitty jobs or to wash away the Overpowering feeling of mediocrity. Either way what you need is not a positive horoscope but get the fuck out of that bar in the middle of the afternoon and to face reality on your own two feet!



# Come See What's Cookin



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# OUTSIGHT

Outsight brings to light non-mainstream music, film, books, art, ideas and opinions. Published, somewhere, monthly since July 1991. The Outsight Web site is <http://www.detroitmusic.com/out sight>. Email Outsight at [outsight@bigfoot.com](mailto:outsight@bigfoot.com).

*"Many people think they are thinking when they are just rearranging their prejudices."*

—William James

*"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thing partitions do their bounds divide."*

—Dryden, Absalom and Achitophell

*"All happy families resemble each other; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way."*

—Tolstoy, Anna Karenina

## ORGAN TRANSPLANT BLUES

Noted blues critic and author Robert Palmer was very sick in a Little Rock hospital awaiting a liver transplant. The doctors in Little Rock cannot perform the liver transplant. Jo Beth, Palmer's wife, with the help of the National Music Critics Association and others, looked into New York hospitals. Individual donations can be sent to: Giorno Poetry Systems/Robert Palmer Fund, 222 Bowery, NYC, NY 10012. Palmers transferred to a New York hospital where a liver transplant is scheduled. Apparently, the surgeon, and possibly the assisting doctors, have agreed to waive their fees. The hospital itself has agreed to treat Mr. Palmer at their cost only, thus saving the Palmers over two hundred thousand dollars. However, Mrs. Palmer still needs to raise approximately \$135,000.00 to cover the hospital's minimum costs. Ahmet Ertegun and Yoko Ono are among those that have given significant personal assistance to Palmer. Robert was the premiere rock critic at the New York Times for many years. He has written many books and liner notes. Most recently, he had been producing albums for Fat Possum records. For cards or letters, you can send them to: ROBERT PALMER/JO BETH BRITON Room 341B University of Arkansas for Medical Science 4301 West Markham Street Little Rock, AR 72205...

## ULTIMATE BAND LIST

Rock Out Censorship is preparing for a full launch of its website. The Music Links section currently contains over 18,000 links to bands, record labels, magazines, radio sta-

tions, newsgroups and other music related sites. Within the bands database R.O.C. wants all local and unsigned bands that have a web site. To get hooked up, send them (1) the Bands Name and URL address, (2) the e-mail address for the band and (3) the name of any contact person for the band. "We want it all. Pop, Rock, Metal, Death, Thrash, Ska, Rap, Hip-Hop, Hardcore, Alternative etc." Contact R.O.C. publisher John Woods at [roc@eohio.net](mailto:roc@eohio.net)...

## SUPPORTIVE FANS

Fans of British rock band Marillion raised \$50,000+ in small donations by the Internet to bring the band across the pond. \$44,000 of the sum was raised in just three months! The results was a 22-date North American tour.

To show their gratitude, the band plans on sending each donor a signed, limited edition live CD. It happened at <http://www.marillion.com> and the American record label that would not finance the tour themselves was Velvel Records (740 Broadway, NYC NY, 10003)...

## REVIEWS

### Sleestak

### THE POWER OF GEMINI-A

### Big Jesus

Like their zipper-showing namesakes, these reptiles of dissonance are barking a lot, but one can see through their plans. The first track, "Endo" offers periodic shell-bursts of unsettling noise. This is the mere Cerebus at the Gates of Sleestak Hell. Much of the rest of the recording has more to do with Kato Hideki than Merzbow. Still, great fare for forcefully digressing from the mundane word. Their publicist wants you to think they are "scary" and their label passes it off as a contrived experiment sonic torture. Actually, if you like noise rock, like me, you will find this adventurous, compositional and heavily mixed with ambient cacophony.

### Zoar

### CASSANDRA

### Point Music

You just can't get around this - there are plenty of keyboards on this recording. However, few recordings with such a preponderance of synthesizer manage to do so tastefully. The keyboards of Zoar are the woof of

the tapestry, tying it together. This band should do soundtracks, if they haven't already. Zoar possesses a Herzog-Wenders magic for transporting to a very real, very surreal place. They also employ 'sample-scapes.' By that, I mean not just sound snippets referenced briefly, or soundbites repeated to a beat, but an aural pan shot of a situation overlaying the song like a multidimensional melody line. Music to kickstart that projector in your head.

## Blue Meanies

### FULL THROTTLE

### Thick Records

The Blue Meanies are to ska as Mad Dog 20/20 is to your mom's white zinfandel. This is the hard, mean stuff. It's for getting you there right away, with no sight seeing along the way, and plenty of crashes on the ride. Just when they state a few bars of something catchy, they go 'full throttle' into a cacophonous rage. Got your seat belt on? I listened to this septet's album about five times and still can't even do the honky shuffle to it. I am sure people that like this are absolutely rabid about it, though. Because you would have to be crazy...

## The Blue Rags

### RAG-N-ROLL

### Sub Pop

The brightest blue rags you ever heard; blue as a flaming mongoose immolating on a lawn of ragstock piano roll tablature transcriptions. Country-fried blues and gospel soul that give Squirrel Nut Zipper fans something else to look at. Acoustic music that is thankfully plugged in.

## Rebirth Jazz Band

### HERE TO STAY

### Arhoolie

Recorded live at the Grease Lounge, New Orleans in 1984, this is a testament to the 'rebirth' of a contemporary Crescent City marching brass band. The octet's debut recording includes a Mardi Gras medley clocking in at nearly nineteen minutes with other traditionals, Herbie Hancock ("Chameleon"), Thelonius Monk ("Blue Monk") and originals. Four and a half tubas lined up on Bourbon Street.

## Calexico

### SPOKE

### Quarterstick Records

The main core of Giant Sand (Joey Burns, John Convertino and Tasha Bundy) is OP8 when with Lisa Germano. Here they operate under the moniker Calexico. The back cover photo of SPOKE is a furrowing farm machine. When I see such machinery working, clouds of birds follow to eat up the disturbed insects. Calexico snatches up the bits of Americana



turned out by a rotor-tilling of the national music psyche. The nineteen resultant tracks can be insect small (0:28 to 3:54) and erratic in flight. The tracks are lo-fi songs suggested and themes follow without concern for what preceded. One bit is held up by guitar, another by accordion, then one by vibes. A bit of desert dust sprinkled throughout may be the only constant theme - a Santa Fe rummage sale of sounds. SPOKE is very intriguing and well-worth exploring.

## Christ On A Cruch SHIT EDGE AND OTHER SONGS FOR THE YOUNG AND SENTIMENTAL New Red Archives

For the record, COAC bassist Nate Mendells is now a Foo Fighter. For the real record, this compilation of COAC EPs and compilation cuts is an unmitigated blast of pig-hating, apathy-blasting, mediocrity-exposing punk ardor. The shaking snake-rattle and demon-mask of punk philosophy here are the work of modern-day furtively curative shamans. Of course, such pagan rituals no longer heal. So, I mark their honesty, note their messianic rebellion and give SHIT EDGE four and half verbal pipe bombs.

## Elevator To Hell EERIECONSILIATION Sub Pop

Post-grunge psychedelic blues from former members of Eric's Trip. Take this trip, though, and visit the snapping eyeteeth of the "bad thought" constellation, source of the screenable nightmares for blacklight posters. It's great irony to find Elevator to Hell can take you higher. Music slow and loose but hard on the lo-fi, trippy cool.

## James McMurtry IT HAD TO HAPPEN Sugar Hill

When I first heard this disc at my local radio station, I was struck with the fact that it sounded like better solo Lou Reed ala NEW YORK. Some cuts still feel that way to me, but I see now McMurtry feels the soul of modern Americana. I also must add that fellow Texan Charlie Sexton falls out of the where-are-they-now-file to play mandolin, bouzouki and help on vocals. I am glad the lyrics are printed here to revel in. The man's vision sees far into the human soul. Intelligent songwriting from a man that knows going around the block means getting hit by a car. I give IT HAD the five pints of the best of someone's else experience to learn from.

## STYLUS COUNCIL

## The Let Downs "Atlanta" b/w "Flash & Crash" 360 Twist!

This is some real fuzzy, organ-powered psyche-rock. A burnin' slab of 45-RPM hot wax to tap the keg on the porch to.

## The Quadrajets THE REAL FUCKED UP BLUES 360 Twist!

The A-side of this seven-inch, "Ain't Red No More" is a noisy, spasm of a song that I wish would just go away. The b-side of has two tune. First is a cover of Willie Dixon's "Hidden Charms." I don't think you could mess that song up, if you tried. It ends up sounding great from the 'Jets. It also has a different guitarist/vocalist (Jerome J. Jerome) and bassist (Mr. Hardwick) then the other two songs. "They" learn their lesson on the second, original song, "Crawl." It's a dirt road-low slither of wounded rock and roll. Forget side A, call it a one-sided seven inch and you'll have a more enjoyable visit with The Quadrajets.

## Mount McKinleys GENIUS IN MODERN MUSIC, VOL. 2 360 Twist!

This garage rock 45 is rockin', its a good time. I especially like side B, "Blue Spells," it has a spider-cracked Love sound, just ready to shatter but still hangin' on. A third cut on that side moves the ante more into the pop direction. The track is the best thing to slam on the turntable as the last bit of beach gear gets loaded into the Woody for that first day of swimming weather.

## The Others "Can't Help But Cry" and "Elevator Operator" b/w "Do You Believe What I Say?" and "You'll Never Know" 360 Twist!

This is the band of Massimo "Brian '66" Del Pozzo from Italy. Massimo is responsible for pop and garage sources Misty Lane Records and Misty Lane fanzine. Their sound is of a jangly pop garage sound, almost reminiscent of The Doors on "Elevator Operator". Each song is a classic gem in the 60s garage tradition.

## Fortune & Maltese and The Phabulous Pallbearers "Genie In The Lamp" b/w "Vampira!" 360 Twist!

Just like when Richard & The Lionhearts

sang about "thirteen women" here we have a WHAT A WAY TO DIE worthy tune is organized out from a sexual phantasy to a rude, cold awakening back to the real world. The B-side is gone in a flash, just like that hot chick in black that won't make eye contact with you.

## The Toasters "The Stage" b/w Fishbone "Crazy Bald Heads" Island Records

## Laurel Aitken with Freetown "Rudy Girl" b/w Ernest Ranglin with Jump With Joey "Crazy Bald Heads" Island Records

These are promo-only limited-edition seven-inches released in conjunction with Island Records' SKA ISLAND compilation. The artwork coincides exactly with Island label artwork circa 1962. All artists also back up their styles to something approximating themselves in Jamaica circa 1962.

## READING MATTERS

## Keyholes Joann Jovinelly jajoog@aol.com

This wee mag doesn't even have an address because publishers Jovinelly and Jason Netelkos cannot afford a P.O. Box. They do afford an awful lot of support to their local Asbury Park, NJ scene. Interviews with local bands, venue reports and art are crammed into this pocket-sized package. Interviews and articles on Backhand, Solace, Brown, Ropetree, Space Gel, Stem, Candypants, Mothermania and (the only band I had heard of) Thin Lizard Dawn.

## Michigan Beer Guide MBG, POB 648, Leonard, MI, 48367-1635

This monthly focuses on the breweries of Michigan. I once read that Michigan was very high in the nation's list of per capita beer drinkers, but very low in the list of per capita microbreweries. It seems new beer houses are constantly popping up to take up the slack. Information provided on contract brewers, homebrew clubs and homebrewing supply outlets. The most interesting portion of this issue is a close look at Michigan during prohibition.

## Shattered Spot The Poet AK Press, POB 40682, SE, CA, 94140-0682

Spot is known as one of Britain's best performance poets. He perceives clearly, but the superficial pain of the dirty city overwhelms

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



him. I'd Spotto use his powerful voice (through somewhat loquacious writing) to see beyond the obvious to the working behind. He comes through in the volume's best example of word economy, Comfort. It begins,

*mother never loved you  
but the chocolates did.  
sweet secret romance, open the  
lid  
there they lie, each one a kiss...*

## Archie McPhee

POB 30852, Seattle, WA, 98103  
<http://www.mcphee.com>  
[mcphee@mcphee.com](mailto:mcphee@mcphee.com)

This catalog contains all sorts of pop weirdness knickknacks. Six-foot doll Alien dolls with mouth projections, Nunzilla walking toys, Magic 8-Balls and alien gnome lawn ornaments are some of the weirdness you will find here.

## Calmant

Saulius Majauskas, Jaunimo 60 - 9, 4580 Alytus, Lithuania/Lietuva  
<http://www-public.osf.lt/~calmant>

[Saulius.Majauskas@kf.vu.lt](mailto:Saulius.Majauskas@kf.vu.lt)

Calmant is an English-language zine produced in Lithuania. Publisher Saulius Majauskas declined publishing my writing as too "American." The magazine is mostly interviews and reviews of American darkwave and extreme metal artists or their European equivalents popular in America. Saulius puts out a very fine looking, professional magazine with less faux grammar than I would create using an English-Lithuanian dictionary. #5 talks to Love In Reverse, Night In Gales and Sati. After these interviews and a reader survey on electronica, the rest of the space is given over to demo and album reviews.

## CLE Cleveland

Jim Ellis, POB 16613, Cleveland, OH, 44116

<http://www.cleveland.com/ultra-folder/music/cle>

[AB563@cleveland.freenet.edu](mailto:AB563@cleveland.freenet.edu)

This is an amazing bundle of reading material and a 2-CD set that rates Cleveland four notches higher on coolness scale. Apparently, this is just one, sporadic project of CLEWORLD

enterprises "a multi-media energy center preservation society." Band highlights, fiction and more articles. This issue breaks form with past editions that focussed on historical topics. Everything here is current. Over twenty bands are written up, from My Dad Is Dead to Craw. There is an excerpt from an unpublished novel by Michael DeCapite and an article on Cleveland rock poster artists Derek Hess, Clay Parker and Douglas Utter. Another series of articles covers indie labels Cambodia Records, Sonic Swirl Records, Flexovit Records, Carcrashh Records. CLE talks to Cleveland scenester Jim Jones (Pere Ubu, Electric Eels, Mirrors, etc.). Several musicians contribute road stories. The 2-CD covers bands from noise rock to Velvet Underground sounding. Most are entirely new to me, but they all are written up in the mag. Cover art by Derek Hess. You owe it to yourself to get a hold of this package!

## Fecal Forces

Boris 'Kuktaz' Milakovic, Fecal Forces Prod., Sv. Duha 30, 34000 Pozega, Croatia

Very DIY, very iconoclastic and testing the limits, Fecal Forces a fascinating jumble of articles, interviews, reviews and reprints. This Flesh Issue reprints both Aleister Crowley and Anton La Vey. D.I.Y. label and distro sources are listed. One article covers the goofy and weird public access metal/white trash Thunderbird Theatre (POB 638, Kenmore NY, 14217). Politico-punk bands Blackbird (Hong Kong, [lennyguo@asiaonline.net](mailto:lennyguo@asiaonline.net)) and Forgardur Helvitis (Iceland <http://www.hugur.is/~venni/forgardur/forgardur.htm>). Even better, erotico-punx Betty Bondage (France) and Passion Brigade (UK) challenge all sexual mores in their interviews. Noise label Drone Records exposes their philosophy and their is a Finnish scene report. An Anarchist Defense of Pornography is contributed by Boston Anarchist Drinking Brigade (POB 381323, Cambridge MA, 02238-1323). Stephen Cox tackles imperialist expansion and colonialism in "Blood and Soil." More sexuality issues are discussed and some fic-

tion is presented. Old school drugs like Fly Agaric, drug-laden urine, fungi and more are covered, too. Wilhelm Reich's cancer theory is reprinted from EIDOS in another piece of this worthwhile read.

## TESTicle PRESSure


Propulsion Productions, 176 Madison Ave., 4th Fl., NYC, NY, 10016

<http://www.testicle.com>  
[PropRex@aol.com](mailto:PropRex@aol.com)

The titled page sums up TEST PRESS very well, "Highly unpopular opinions on Music, Film, Comix, Sex, Politics and Anti-Corporate indieness." I can't count all these unnumbered pages, but I will tell you this edition is 3/8 thick and includes a sampler cassette. Each cut on the tape gets a paragraph in the mag. Among those on the hard-rocking EXPLOITATION CASSETTE compilation are Whorgasm, Budda-Bang!, Ultra Bide, The Pleasure Fuckers and more. An update on Mike Diana (still held down bu the powers that be) and his artwork are here. "Headitor" Jeff "Jefe" Gottesfeld tells the sordid tale of working for the industry on the Whorgasm SMOTHERED record. There are interviews with Extra Fancy, Space Needle, Varnaline, Ultra Bide and Foundations Forum and MACfest overviews. In another article, just like Richie Valens, El Jefe is making the rock world safe for Spanish-speaking bands through Propulsion mail order. Comix artists Frank Kozik, D.B. Velveeda, Robert Crumb and Richard Corben are profiled. Don't forget the video reviews. Writer/comedienne Laura Knightslinger checks in with road tales. Of course, there is plenty of pro-hemp propaganda including "high guy" classic and recent records in an extensive section. Drug icon Carlos Castaneda is touched on, and so is hemp fashion (I swear by my Ecolution hemp pants and the company is profiled here.) The issue includes entire un-American history of hemp demonization. Every schoolboy should know this. The career of Jello Biafra is looked at. About a third of the magazine is record reviews.

—Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

Brother, can you spare a dream?



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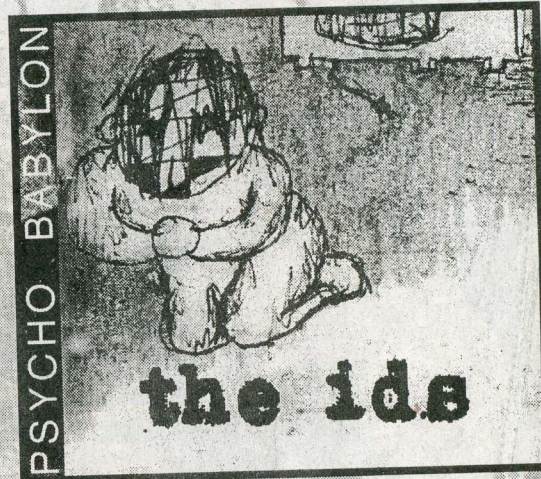
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# FAITH NO MORE

Faith No More blew into the west side of Salt Lake City on October 2nd.

All I know is the place was jam-packed, the audience was bouncing off the walls, and the security guys up front, behind the barrier, looked pensive and wide-eyed; like they couldn't remember why they volunteered for the job, and they did look like volunteers.

Faith No More hit the stage and started off with Midnight Cowboy, a slow melodic song, with no lyrics. When the last chord of Midnight Cowboy was still lingering in the air, Mike Patton stepped back, drew a big-ole deep breath and went straight into Collision, the first track off of their newest release, "Album of the Year." Collision hits you head on like an overloaded eighteen-wheeler screaming down

Parley's without any brakes. By the second song, ears were bleeding and brains were starting to liquify! Right then and there I knew I was in for a good time.

For all of you cheerleaders and football jocks who like to appear 'cool' to your peers by reading SLUG but don't have a clue about music, Faith No More is, Mike Bordin-drums, Roddy Bottum- keyboards, Billy Gould-bass, Jon Hudson-guitar, Mike Patton-vocals. A few weeks earlier, I was supposed to interview Roddy Bottum over the phone at a predetermined, set time. I call him up, he's not there and this is how the interview goes, read on- (and oh yea, before I forget, Kudos goes out to my good friend and partner in crime Nick Salimeno of Graywhale CD in Layton for insight and assistance with this article and interview.

As always, he went above and beyond the call of duty. Thanks Nick!!!!)

**Hotel Operator:** Thank you for calling the Vernon Manor-

**Slug:** Yea, um, Roddy Bottum's room please-

**HO:** One moment please

**Male Voice answering the phone:** Hello?

**Slug:** Hi is Roddy there?

**MV:** Uuhh, no he's not I think he's seeing a movie

**Slug:** (me, laughing...) tee-hee-he, Is he?

**MV:** yea, could I take a message?

**Slug:** Yea, I've got an interview set up with him

**MV:** Oh, wow. That's funny. Well, let's see, I'm here this is Bill.

**Slug:** Alright Bill!

**Billy Gould:** uuhhh, you want to do it?

**Slug:** Let's do it, if you don't mind.

**BG:** I don't mind

**Slug:** Alright, cool. How have you been?

**BG:** Good, how's it going? You must be, uuhh, you must be Royce with SLUG magazine-

**Slug:** Yea, that's me.

**BG:** I've got the paper right here.

**Slug:** How long have you been on tour?

**BG:** We've been touring pretty much since May

**Slug:** Personally, do you like to tour?

**BG:** Oh, it can be good, if you do it right. The shows have been good and it really helps that we've been playing now, for awhile. People come to our shows and they know some of our songs, that really makes things alot easier.

**Slug:** Rolling Stone dated September 18th, back page, readers Top Ten List number 8 Faith No More, Album of the Year.

**BG:** Yea, that's what I've heard

**Slug:** That's pretty cool, huh?

**BG:** That's great! It's awesome! Rolling Stone definitely had nothing to do with that

**Slug:** No way, man

**BG:** I'm surprised that they printed it, to be honest with you

**Slug:** Tell me about the CD cover for Album of the Year

**BG:** What do you want to know?

**Slug:** The artwork. Any meaning, any symbolism or just cool graphics?

**BG:** It's an interesting story. It's a guy who was president of Czechoslovakia back before WWII. He was the man who actually created the country and the picture is taken at his funeral. Really to explain instead of getting into the fine political points of what happened, he's one of those people that was a personality, and when he died it really made a big difference. It's one of those things where you





don't know someone, and yet that someone touches people on a large scale. You could compare that to Princess Di and her death today, it's the same exact kind of thing. It has nothing to do with those people as individuals, it's just a phenomenon. And that is really the closest thing to a theme, that I think, this record has. **Slug:** It seems like you are writing more as a band on this album than the last album

**BG:** That could be true. Umm, yea, Roddy didn't participate much on the last album. There's definitely more keyboards now.

**Slug:** To write more as a band, is that more a conscience decision? Or did it just turn out that way or does it really depend on how each personality of the band is feeling at the time?

**BG:** It really has to do with that. The thing is, when you are making a record you take a look at where your strengths and your weaknesses are and it's very hard to get 5 people on the same page, at the same time.

So, you've got to work with what you've got, ya know?

**Slug:** How do you feel about the new album, what do you think about it?

**BG:** As far as, how it sounds and if I'm satisfied with it?

**Slug:** Uh-huh, yea

**BG:** I'm totally satisfied with it

**Slug:** Yea, I think it's great. Everything I've heard and everything I've read, people are just totally stoked about it, (except of course Mr. Busting the Nut!)

**BG:** Actually, ya know, it's really funny, because when it came out, there was a backlash that happened where the record was slammed. And, uh, now that a couple of months have gone by, I'm hearing nothing but good things. It's making me think that it's one of those

albums that you just can't judge on the first listen.

**Slug:** You know what amazed me? It amazed me how much negative publicity King for a Day, Fool for a Lifetime received. I loved that album.

**BG:** You know what, it's really weird, but I'm figuring out why it got such negative publicity. I think what it was, was the way the main stream press works. They want to bet the winning horse, ya know? It's kind of like when something comes out everybody takes bets on who they think is going to be huge and who they think won't be that big. They hear the record and they have a different criteria for judging. They don't listen to see if they like it or not, it's more what they think it's going to do. I think the consensus was, it wasn't going to sell a few million records and they jumped on whatever horse, ya know, Smashing Pumpkins, right? And basically, their motivation for doing that, is that they keep their readership. They are trying to second guess their readership. So yea, it's really unfair that the record got panned, just because of it's commercial appeal rather than if it was a good or bad album. That's kind of frustrating.

**Slug:** It is frustrating. I think that Album of the Year flows better, I think that it goes together better, but I think that King for a Day is eclectic. There is a bunch of variations and different styles on it and I like that. I don't mind if an album flows. But I like to buy a record and be surprised. I think some of your best work is on King for a Day, Fool for a Lifetime and I love the slower stuff on that album.

**BG:** Oh, we were so happy when that record came out, we were into it. I still really like that record.

**Slug:** How has it been for the band to adjust to the various guitar players? Has it been rough or has it been not that big of deal?

**BG:** Well, it's been rough with the previous guitar players because we didn't have what we needed and we were kind of making due. Jon (Hudson), the new guy who worked on this album, out of all the guitar players we've worked with, I like him the best because he has alot of technical ability and you can communicate with him, ya know? And, he writes, as well, so he contributes. We've never had somebody, who does both.

**Slug:** Well, that was my next question. How does he fit into FNM, and I think you've answered it.

**BG:** I think he jumped right into it, which surprised me, because he's never really toured with a band before and he just fit right in. I'm surprised at how adaptable he is.

**Slug:** Tell me about Mike Patton. Alot of stuff that I hear through the grapevine is that he's a hard interview, kinda hard to talk to and can be a bit aloof. Is that true?

**BG:** (No hesitation) He can be. He doesn't really enjoy doing interviews too much. He's got his good days and he's got his bad days. You just got to not catch him on a bad one.

**Slug:** Right. Is that just his personality or is there a reason behind that? Did someone piss him off one time?

**BG:** Probably a little of both. He's a singer and I think what happened was 5 or 6 years ago magazine guys really got inside his head and I think he resented that.

**Slug:** Really?

**BG:** Well, I think you get exploited a bit, but still. That's what happens. Some people roll with it a little better than others. He would rather just play music and keep his mouth

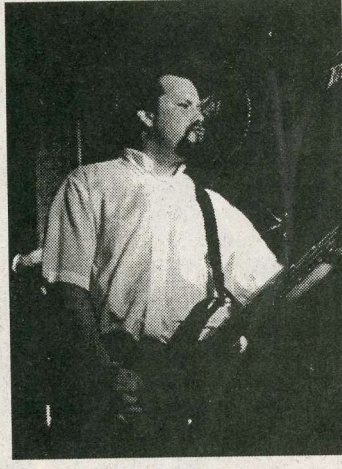
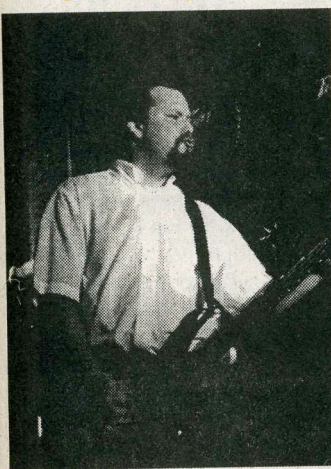
shut, I think; in a perfect world, but for a singer, it's harder for them to do that.

**Slug:** How do you feel about Faith No More, looking back 15 years? Obviously you are on tour now, things are going well, you've got a new album out. But looking back on 15 years, is it amazing to you? Is it wild? Is it no big deal?

**BG:** Uuhhh, it depends on the day. Yea, it's pretty cool. It's been a long time, I can't believe it. I don't feel like it's been 15 years. I don't feel like an old man, ya know? But it's been a long time.

Billy and I continued to rambled on for a bit. The real highlight for me was when, Tyler, Chad and I were leaving the club after FNM totally devastated everything in their path. We were walking out to my car and I looked up, there is Mike Patton, Roddy Bottum and Jon Hudson ten feet away from us. I said to Mike, "Hey Mike great show, thanks for coming!" he said, "Thank you." Then I set my sights on Roddy and said, "Hey Roddy, you tell that drummer in Imperial Teen I want her. Next time you guys come through Salt Lake I want to hook up with her. I think she's a babe!" He replied in a mono-tone, deadpan voice with thumbs up, "I bet she feels exactly the same way." Tyler and Chad sat there with their jaws to the ground like they couldn't believe I just said that to Roddy Bottum. I was laughing out loud and thinking to myself, "Cool, very cool. I guess I'm going out with that drummer babe of Imperial Teen!" (Now if I could only remember her name!) Adios for now, Losers!

—Royce





# Dandy Warhols



I love record label people, I absolutely love them. Here is this publicist calling and asking me if I want to interview the Dandy Warhols...except she forgot to send a CD, a press kit or a photo. Sure, I'll interview them. I bought *The Dandy Warhols Come Down* and I was familiar with the band from *Dandy's Rule OK*, the first release on one of my favorite labels, Tim/Kerr. I saw the band when they opened for Echobelly at DV8. The Dandy Warhols always tour with English bands. Music critic's are constantly comparing the Dandy Warhols to English bands. More on that later. I talked to Peter Holmstrom the Dandy guitarist.

I was curious about the Velvet Underground relationship. *Dandy's Rule OK* has a song titled "(Tony, This Song Is Called) Lou Weed" this lyric is taken from the song "Ride" on that album, "You're my ride/I'm out my window/It's all right/You've got Candy-O." I asked Peter about the early days. "About the time we started the band was about the time both Courtney (Taylor, singer/songwriter/guitar/keyboards) and I really started listening to the Velvet Underground and I guess kind of appreciating it. We've always been fans of bands that were influenced by the Velvet Underground, but had never paid that much attention.

Some friends hooked us up with a best-of compilation and it was pretty great. I don't know if it affected our songwriting a whole lot. Stereolab and the Verve probably had more effect. Those bands came through Portland right around the exact same time we started the band and had an amazing effect on us."

To me the Dandy Warhols are reminiscent of some bands from the "paisley underground," bands like Rain Parade, Salvation Army (later forced to change the name to Three O'clock), Dream Syndicate, Human Hands, Green On Red and even the dB's. Most others compare them to British bands. Why? "I guess that's the easiest label to give us, that we sound British."

*The Dandy Warhols Come Down* mixes lovely pop tunes, "Not If You Were The Last Junkie On Earth" is the best example, with total freaked out psychedelic songs such as "I Love You" and "The Creep Out." Peter says, "We like to mix it up, it keeps us interested too." But that wasn't the question. Did Capitol encourage the band to record more commercial songs? "Oh, no. They would prefer it if we had three pop songs on the album, but they're happy with one." In the *Trouser Press Guide To '90s Rock* Ira Robbins has this to say about the Dandy Warhols first album. "The empty-millionth band of tragically self-conscious style-mongers to come sashaying down he noise-pop runway as if they had just bought the place hails from Portland, Oregon. The Dandy Warhols have a regrettable name and a modern time-capsule sound that neatly summarizes a good chunk of what's stopped by *Alternative Nation* sporting an English accent since a week ago Thursday." Damn, but there's more. "...But cleverness is no substitute for real songwriting, and that's where the fizz goes out here." How does Peter feel about the songwriting skills now and then? "I thought it was just as good in the beginning. Probably because we had a little bit more time to work things out. Now we've been a bit more busy touring and stuff." In reference to those first songs Robbins so scathingly dismissed Peter said, "We had two years to pretty much sit in the basement. We'd

play out every once in awhile, but we were always trying new things. There wasn't the pressure to always put on a...you know we always wanted to put on a good show, but there weren't as many people there and nobody really expected anything of you. So we'd try out new things all the time." Now? "I think Courtney has improved his lyric writing. A lot of people tend to just write us off as a pop band. A lot of the songs are just fun, but others are fairly serious."

Speaking of songs how about the inspiration for the big hit single, "Not If You Were The Last Junkie On Earth"? "It's actually an old girlfriend of Courtney's who took the little downhill slide. It was his cheeky, immature way of dealing with a really serious subject. It's not necessarily an anti-drug song, it's more of an anti-addiction song. A stupidity song." How about "Cool As Kim Deal"? "That's pretty much she's the coolest rock girl." Since the Dandy Warhols will be in Salt Lake City on November 10 at Liquid Joe's I asked Peter about the differences in the live and studio versions of the Dandy Warhols. "We tend to approach the studio and playing live completely differently. Just because there's limits to what you can do on stage. Courtney tends to sing a lot of the keyboard parts, the extra keyboard parts, just because we don't have anyone else. We're thinking of getting a fifth member, like a touring member at some point. Some people are disappointed at the lack of some of the keyboard lines, but oh well."

The Dandy Warhols live are an experience in psychedelic music that totally rocks. When they opened for Echobelly all that time ago I was more impressed by the Warhols than I was with Echobelly. Both CDs are highly recommended to not only the lovers of that British rock shit, but also to those who remember the "paisley underground" and anyone else who loves a bit of trippy music that has no relationship whatsoever to the music the new generation of hippie bands are passing off as tripping music. Take some acid for this one and you might just freak out.

Steven Hawk



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# Thanks for Nothing!

When I was little, my family had a tradition like a lot of families on Thanksgiving. We would sit at the dinner table taking turns being forced to say all the things we were thankful for before we could eat. This year I doubt I'll be participating in that ritual with them, which is almost unfortunate, because I'm ready for them this year. My thanks list goes something like this.

- I'm thankful that I'm not a mute torso in a coma similar to the guy in that Metallica song, "One".

- I'm thankful that we have a government full of people that

have our best interest in mind in any decision they ever make without any thought to personal financial gain, and the lovable, huggable rednecks that buy that line of bullshit. *"If you don't like the land of milk and honey, get the hell out!"*

- I'm thankful that the majority of suburban housewives don't fit the wrong stereo type and are ignorant to the world around them so they don't have to see or believe all the ugly crap that goes on. *"I don't know if I believe that cops hassle people. I've never been abused by a police officer and I've seen lots of them."*

- I'm thankful I haven't been hit by a stray bullet in a drive-by. Yet.

- I'm thankful that our schools teach us false history so we can feel good about celebrating Thanksgiving and not be bothered with the truth. You know, petty details like the monster Christopher Columbus really was and what he did to the Indians,

among other things.

- I'm thankful I don't have to have cramps and a period every month. Although, I would like to have all the excuses that go along with it.

- I'm thankful that hillbilly nazi types are blatantly obvious about their stupidity, which makes it harder to recruit people into their racist ways of thinking without inbreeding, which only makes them more obvious about their stupidity.

- I'm thankful I don't have to sleep in my own feces and rely on some punk high school kid to wipe my ass for me. Yet.

- I'm thankful that certain bands like Damn Janet don't exist anymore. Hopefully thanks to audiences getting smarter and more willing to take a risk.

- And finally, I'm thankful for alcohol to help us all cope with the holidays.

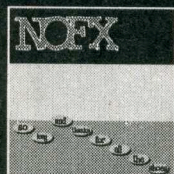
—Ray M.

**If you or someone you know  
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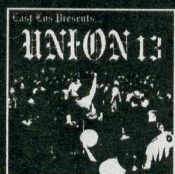
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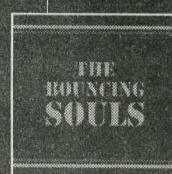
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East Los Presents



**Dwarves** Are Young  
And Good Looking



**The Cramps**  
Big Beat From Badsville



**The Bouncing Souls**  
Self Titled



**Down by Law**  
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**Pennywise**  
Full Circle



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Baile De Los Locos



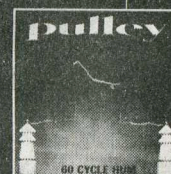
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saturday nov. 22

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@ kamikazi's

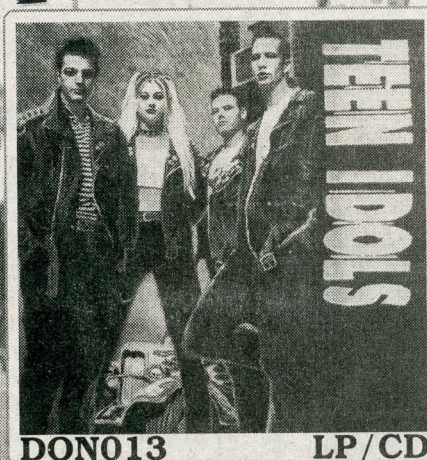
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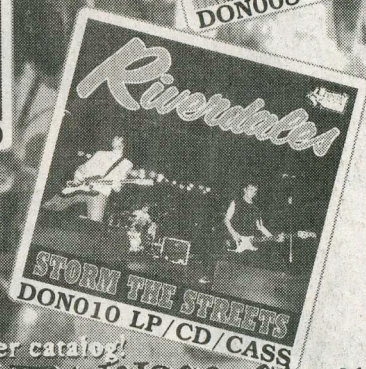


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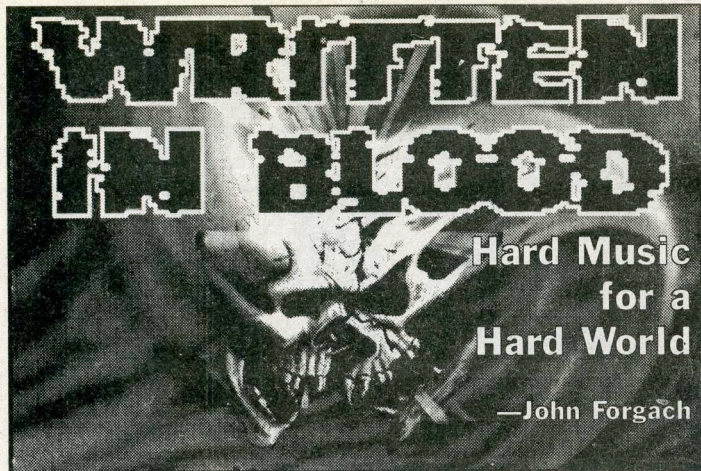


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## DISMEMBER

*Death Metal*  
Nuclear Blast

AAARRGGHHHH!!!! Warm up your best death metal growl if you plan on singing along with this one. Dismember have recorded twelve songs that serve as a testament of their support to death metal. Concerned with the growing trend of other bands straying away from their roots, Dismember wanted an album that would capture their "classic" sound, although, I'm not sure this band ever got very far from their "classic" sound in the first place. With all of the members getting involved in the writing of the material, all of the songs take on a life...death of their own. The guitars are tuned way down giving them that locomotive chug quality to them. The music is raw and intense. Yup, this is death metal.

## MERCURY RISING

*Upon Deaf Ears*  
Dominion

I really don't know when this

CD was released, but since it's from Dominion Records I figured I'd check it out. It looks like it was added to Dominion's growing catalog of progressive metal back in '96 so we'll just go with that. For the most part I liked this CD. The songs are structured around the impressive vocal abilities of singer Clarence Osbourne. He has a unique sound with a Bruce Dickinson (Iron Maiden) type of power and feel. One thing that I noticed was that the songs don't develop much past the vocals. There aren't many parts of this CD that the singer isn't doing his thing. Part of the reason I notice things like this with this type of band is because I seem hold prog. metal bands to a higher standard when it comes to technical ability, song structure and instrumental sections - as far as I'm concerned that's what makes progressive metal what it is. Mercury Rising will be entering the studio in January to record their next release, BUILDING ROME. They will be recording

with two new guitarists, so it will be interesting to see what comes next.

## TODAY IS THE DAY

*Temple Of The Morning Star*  
Relapse

Nashville's, Today Is The Day have left AM Rep to join the Relapse team for their fourth record, TEMPLE OF THE MORNING STAR. This is one of those bands that truly sits on the line between hardcore and metal. It's almost too abrasive to really be metal, but it's also too negative and metallic to be hardcore. So this disc is what it is. One thing this disc is, is 17 tracks of pure, pissed-off aggression. The lyrics read and are sung like they are the ranting of a psychotic, maniac screaming at the world. Don't miss the cover of "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath" at the end of track 17 (if you don't know, or can't figure out who originally did that song, then there's just no hope).

## MISERY LOVES CO.

*Not Like Them*  
Earache

Patrick Wiren (vocal/guitar) and Orjan Ornkloo (guitar/programming) have released the second album, NOT LIKE THEM with their band Misery Loves Co.. Although the duo had much success with their highly computer generated first album, they decided to take more of an analog approach this time around. In addition to having more of an "earthy" feel, this release is a little slower in parts and a bit more dark and moody. If there is one constant between the two albums, it would be that the aggression level is always over the top. The lyrics come from the Ornkloo side of the writing team. Most of the songs such as "A Million Lies" deal with the alienation and distrust Orjan feels for the world around him. Other songs like "Prove Me Wrong" were written about affairs of the heart and have a very personal feel. Track five, "Complicated Game" is a remake of an old XTC song and has enough "hooks" in it to ensure that the listener will take the musical bait. Whatever the songs are about, they all show that this pair of musicians are NOT LIKE THEM.

## DEICIDE

*Serpents Of The Light*  
Roadrunner

Don't you think it's humorous how some people call metal "devil music"? Well, stop laughing because Deicide are back once again to prove them right. The new album is called SERPENTS OF THE LIGHT, and should be an effective tool in spreading the band's anti-christian message around the world. Don't let the fact that the name Satan is only mentioned in one song, all of the songs except for track seven, "Creatures Of Habit" are all chock-full of anti-christian messages. According to Deicide, Christianity is centered around lies and hypocrisies, and is responsible for most of the worlds problems - this is a common theme of most of the songs. You may not agree with the message, but the fact that this band is good at what they do is undeniable. Deicide play very hard and fast, but keep the production clear and to the point. The sounds coming from this disc are very easy to swallow, despite the harsh, brutal nature of the music being played. This band will invite you in, then rip you clean from your soul.

## COALITION

I don't know much about this band because they didn't send me a bio with the CD. Luckily, this music speaks for itself. The entire band puts on an impressive aural display of musicianship. The song writing exhibits a level of maturity that isn't often captured by many young bands, which may be the best indicator that this band is ready to take the next step. Coalition really know how to manipulate and exploit the low end in order to make it heavy without letting the sound get "muddy". Cool vocal sound too. Nice packaging. The front and back cover are black and white pictures - subtle, yet effective. Also, it was nice to NOT see the obligatory three pages of thank yous, or, a thank you to pot. Coalition appeared on the METALMANIA X compilation CD #3. Contact Michael Hunt P.O. Box 226 Bensenville, IL. 60106 for that. Or, contact Coalition at 29 Churchill St. Little Falls, NY 13365.





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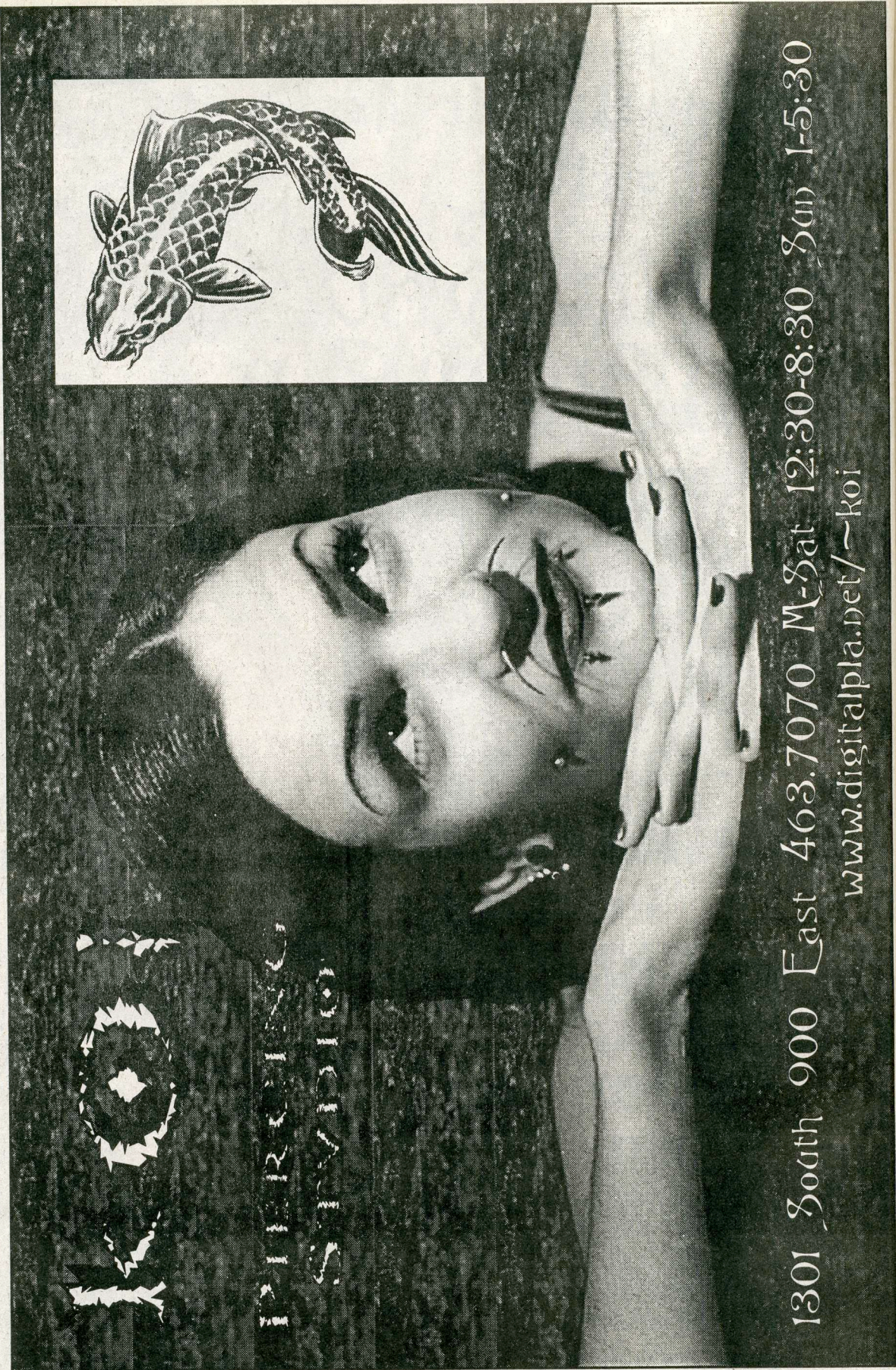
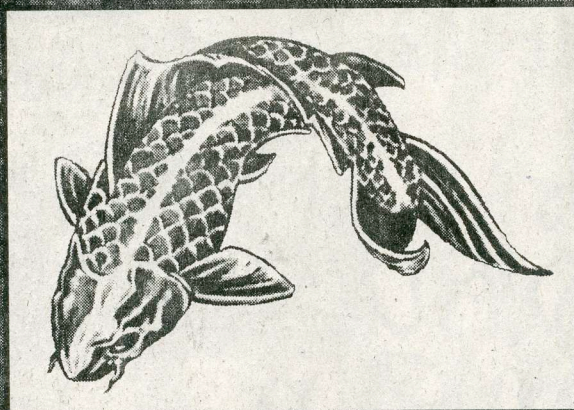
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**"Verbosity leads to unclear, inarticulate things."  
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**"The Holocaust was an obscene period in our nation's history. I mean in this century's history. But we all lived in this century. I didn't live in this century."  
—9/15/88**

**"I have made good judgments in the Past. I have made good judgements in the Future."**

**"People that are really very weird can get into sensitive positions and have a tremendous impact on history."**

**"One word sums up probably the responsibility of any vice president, and that one word is 'to be prepared'.  
—12/5/89**

**"We have a firm commitment to NATO, we are a 'part' of NATO. We have a firm commitment to Europe. We are a 'part' of Europe."**

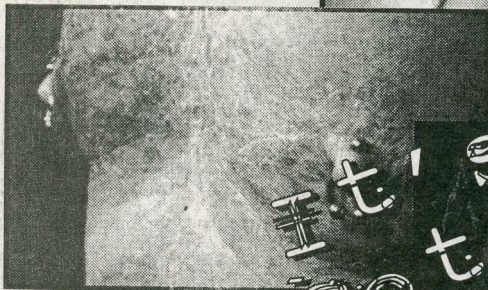
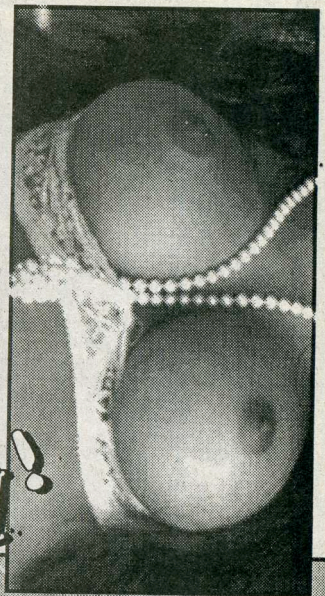
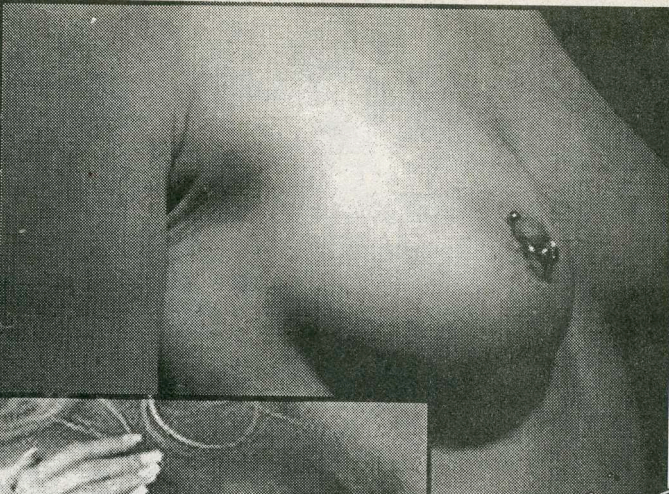
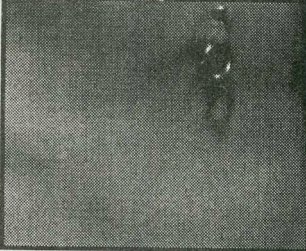
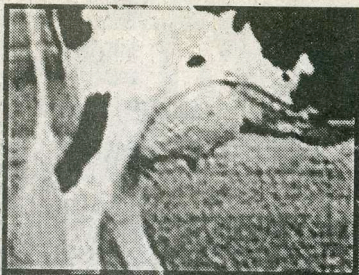
**"We're going to have the best-educated American people in the world."  
—9/21/88**

**"I love California, I practically grew up in Phoenix."**

**"Murphy Brown is doing better than I am. At least she knows she still has a job next year."**

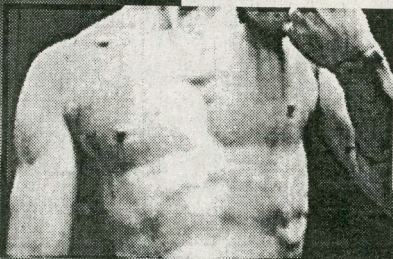
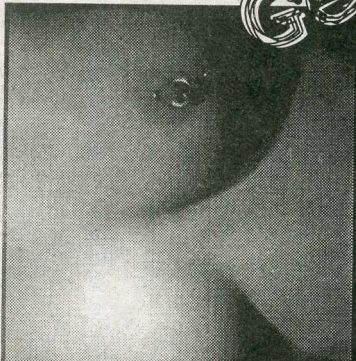
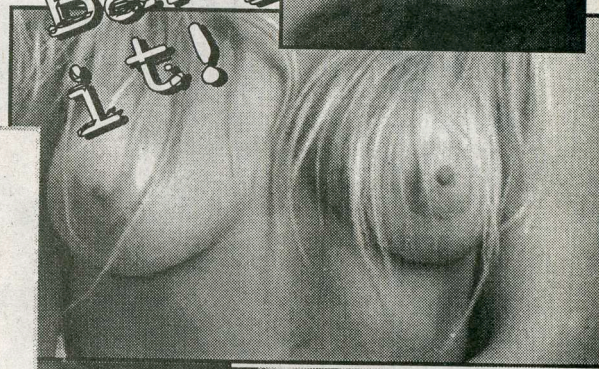
**"Illegitimacy is something we should talk about in terms of not having it."  
—5/20/92**



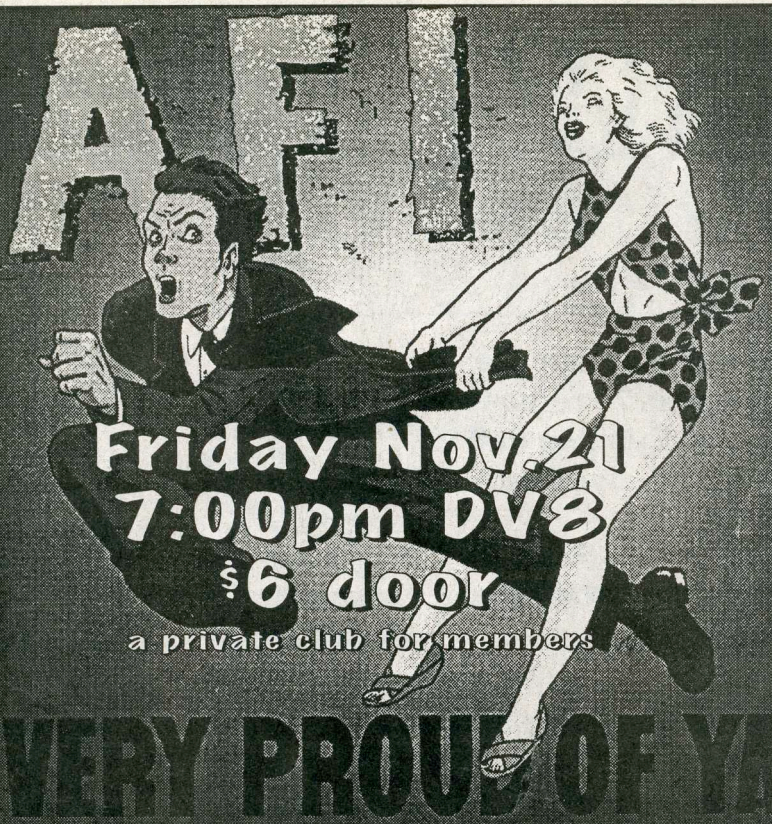


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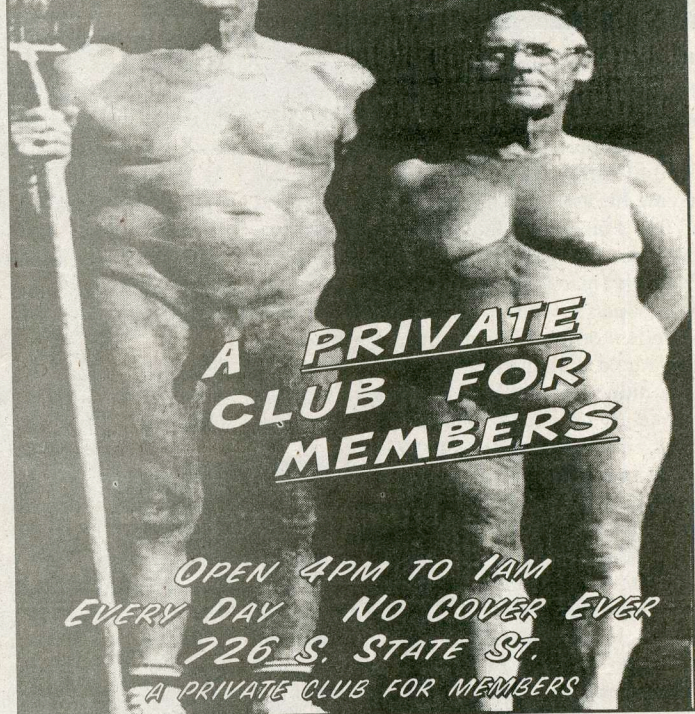
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# RECORDS

## Phoenix Thunderstone

### Stained Glass Trash

#### Scratchie

"Imagine the sound of Jon Spencer meeting the Cramps and Gun Club in a swamp and having his ass kicked - well, that's the sound of San Francisco's Phoenix Thunderstorm." Imagine transplanted to San Francisco Pennsylvanians Zen Guerrilla teaming up with Japan's Guitar Wolf to kick Phoenix Thunderstorm's asses all over the blacktop. Don't hold it against Phoenix Thunderstorm, they didn't write the words promoting their second album. Chris D produced *Stained Glass Trash* and I listened to the CD with an ear cocked for the fire and fury contained on his previous recordings or those he has produced in the past. Combine the legendary status of the producer with the words already copied from the CD rear and expectations surrounding Phoenix Thunderstorm were high. The words are horse-shit. Phoenix Thunderstorm isn't and never can be the Cramps, Jon Spencer, the Flesheaters, Gun Club, Blood On The Saddle or any of the other names used in a feeble attempt to describe their sound. I guess "Stained Kiss Of Trash" and "Neon" are somewhat Cramp-like and the wailing blues harp or infrequently used vocal effects could recall Jon Spencer, but for the most part *Stained Glass Trash* is an example of produced garage rock. When Wendy Van Dusen takes vocal duties out of the capable sterno and brimstone throat of Sean Haskett Phoenix Thunderstone become effervescent and nearly Goth. "Dogs And Salvation" swerves off the highway into a Velvet Underground junkie haze and Haskett reveals vocal depth. Any album with songs titled "Unclean Love," "Midnight Piss" and "Rabid Magicians" is worthy of investigation. The lyrics are the expected poetry from minds besotted with too much booze, B-movies and horror novels. When Haskett and Van Dusen duet, as they do for the closer, "Wreck On The Highway," ecstasy is achieved.

—Emo Gravedigga

## Carolyn's Mother

### Thirty Pieces of Silver

#### Arc Weld

Splashed from head to toe with the colors of British pop, it's hard to believe these lads are from the city of Denver, Colorado, not Manchester, England. Mixing melancholy vocals with dreamy guitar rhythms, this four piece have been captivating audiences across the country for the past few years, often being described as a band caught somewhere

between the sounds of THE CURE & OCEAN BLUE. With SLC being such a hotbed for fans of the eighties/post-New Wave sound, it's a safe bet many a ex-KJQer would groove all over their revamped sound of the (old)New British movement.

Songs on the sophomore release float on the power of their vocalist's commanding tenor voice, backed by a driving guitar that is a staple sound of the Mother as much as THE EDGE of U2. I see big things happening for this crossover band from the Rocky Mountains, being able to instill British sounds alongside American alternative to satisfy the tastes of many. Don't wait for the major label deal, pick up this grassroots offering now & be glad you did!

—Billy Fish

## Phish

### Slip Stitch and Pass

#### Elektra

No Elektra doesn't send me cool records like Bjorn or Moby, I get Mötley Crüe and Phish. Phish is one of those bands who imitate the Grateful Dead. I worked with a Deadhead once for more than a year and I had a stomach full of Dead bootlegs by the time he turned into a coke head and didn't show up for work anymore. *Slip Stitch and Pass* sounds exactly like one of those Dead bootlegs. I believe it was the Dead at Wolf Mountain in '87 or some such shit back before Jerry couldn't play high altitudes because of his addiction to Camel studs. I don't believe the Grateful Dead ever covered Talking Heads. Phish does. There it is to open the disc, "Cities." Needless to say, after "Cities" things slide like shit from an asshole who just snorted a line of "horse" cut with baby laxative. What is the point really? Jam, jam, jam. Why this shit is called hippie music is beyond me because actual hippies were experimenting not copying. The Grateful Dead became a cult band only after they became too burnt out to experiment and locked into a formula. Phish is locked into the same exact formula. *Slip Stitch and Pass* is an exceedingly boring CD. Yeah, I listened to the piece of fecal scrapings from the fingernails of a hepatitis infected fast food worker who forgot to wipe all the way through. Phish playing live at the E Center on November 14 will be exceedingly boring. I plan to attend and I want you Phish-heads to provide some value to the free ticket. Each one of you needs to purchase 20 dime bags of heroin. Each one of you needs to snort all 20 bags just before Phish begins to play. Fill the E Center with OD's. Let Phish jam on while the EMTs attempt to resuscitate the audience. The only more entertaining vision in my head would be Phish, the band, snorting 20 dime bags of heroin and OD'ing with the audience. Come on Trey, you stoop to copying the Doors too and then do barbershop? I guess if the audience is fried it's funny but...

—Ken Queasy

## Brand New Unit

### Diddley Squat

#### Creative Man Disc

If you were lucky enough to catch the BYO Tour/SLUGfest last month at Spanky's, you know how tight & hardcore these boys are in the world of young punk bands. Jumping around from label to label, every new release from BNU is a fresh kick in the face, slapping down some mean tunes about life on the streets of urban America, as seen through the eyes of our disenchanted youth. Primarily a live band, experiencing a show is a real sweatfest, with the generally all-ages venue being whipped into a slamming frenzy of wild abandon. Their latest is a killer example of the music that makes the experience so damn wild. Pushing the edge between punk & speed/thrash, BNU picks up the tempo full steam & never lets up. Cut after cut continue to slam home a dynamic set of punk tunes that both new & old school can appreciate for its diversity & basic sound that is easy to dig. Always on the move & touring throughout the states, if you missed the last show, buy the disc & keep your eyes & ears open for the next date in SLC, which will be coming just around the corner(hopefully!).

—Billy Fish



## Pfilbryte

### Imperfection

#### Ignition Records

A simple description includes Beck, MC 900 Ft Jesus and maybe some G. Love & Special Sauce. The emphasis is on the Beck. The vocals are semi-rapped, semi-spoken, choruses follow the verses, big production and an almost dub feeling is enhanced by guitars and pulsating drums. The dreamy feeling Beck gives his work is best demonstrated by "Denied," the song I'm expecting the radio to wear out shortly. "This Is That" is trip hopping hip hop, go figure with the title and the San Francisco address of fusi pamper records, the label joining ignition and indivision on the rear of the tray card.

You know I feel so on the edge while listening to Pfilbryte. I feel almost gay, and I feel



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# RECORDS

like dancing. I feel like taking E and acid together and shaking my butt around. I guess with all those awards Beck won someone had to select him as an influence. When selecting the cut to include with "Denied" on the "white label" vinyl serviced to the clubs the choice is easy. "In The Valley" is mix master ready and DJ friendly. Get 'em all hot and sweaty and ready for some bedroom action because "Goin' Round" is the following track with the nasty lyrics to accompany a trip around the world. Some don't do that, but this is the uninhibited SLUG. "Playtime" continues the hip hop action by quoting from Dr. Seuss and commenting on the President, the express line at the supermarket and if you are still engaged in the around the world experience start bumpin' it harder, but not too hard because the longest tracks are still to come and I'm sure you don't want to spread the jam before Pfilbryte has finished cooking theirs. "Electrafied" continues the discussion with a reminder on the importance of protection and as long as you can control the spasms for that about 14 more minutes *Imperfection* is that kind of disc. Boom, boom, boom go the drums and Pfilbryte brings on the Miami Vice sax, the lovely acoustic, harpsichord and some chants, for those into *Sax On The Beach*. Oh those references to Tesh always get them. Grind, grind, grind. "You swallowed every single seed," you beast and the time has cum as a saxophone fade completes "The Beast" and the CD. Wasn't that fun? Could we do it again tomorrow?

—Ezra "Taffy" Beansum

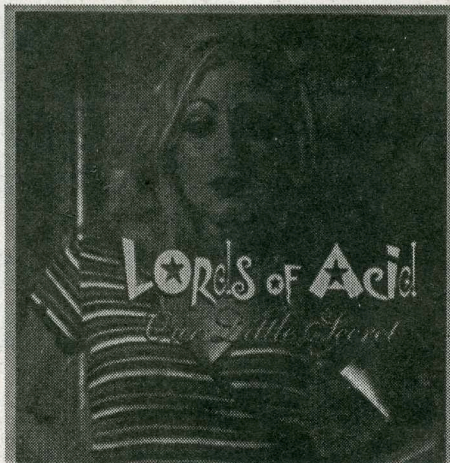
## Zao

### *The Splinter Shards The Birth Of Separation* Tooth & Nail Records

This is the release for the born-again enthusiast who still harbors a secret desire for extreme hardcore tunes in the vein of speed/death metal. Imagine the distorted voice of a hungry demon, gurgling indistinguishable lyrics that sound like V-8 engine running on no kerosene & no oil. The irony of this evil sound is that the lyrics actual center around the glorifying of the Almighty, instead of the darker opposition, which might be other's first impression. The sound of the band is sheer thunder, crashing down with splintering guitar chords & solos, cracking heads with extreme duress. Imagine MERCYFUL FATE & QUICKSAND combining forces to create the most ominous noise to give future followers of the light a new theme song. Hey, why not fight fire with fire for a change, & give old Beezelbub a run for his musical money? Don't

plan to see their next video on KBYU, but do give it a spin on the audition deck at your favorite CD store for a refreshing approach to Christian music...wow!

—Billy Fish



### Lords Of Acid *Our Little Secret* Antler Subway

"Lover I will come for you/anytime you want me to." First it was Nathalie, then it was Ruthie, now it looks like Nikkie Van Lierop is singing the licentious words Praga, Jade and Oliver write. It's been three years since the Lords of Acid released Voodoo-U and I'm sure they're hoping everyone forgot that every song on that album concerned sex and drugs because on the new one every song concerns sex and drugs again. There are some interesting touches, take for instance the modern connecting to close "Cybersex." "I want to see your pussy/show it to me/I want to pet your pussy/show it to me." "Compared to mine your pussy is really ugly and mean." I'm sorry, but I can't help laughing every time I listen to "Pussy." "Rubber Doll" is pretty funny too. "Rubber Doll" is supposedly the big hit, but the radio advertisements for the Lords Of Acid's upcoming performance rely on older material. In Utah a female begging for a butt fucking is more acceptable than a woman singing about the beauty of another woman's pussy or jealousy over a blow-up doll affair. "There's just no kick with a little dick" becomes "Tom, Tom, doggy Tom you make me cum Tom." Masturbation, spanking, power and possession close the CD. The hidden track is the hit of the disc, buy a copy to discover why. The script on the rear reads, "Living with the supersexy sounds of *The Lords Of Acid Orchestra* as they perform selections from *Our Little Secret*" These days Lords Of Acid techno comes across as tepid. The CD is for teenage boys and others who enjoy a female talking dirty. The album is cheaper than phone sex and it is reusable. As the Lords Of Acid proved when the Sextasy Ball hit Utah in '95, the live experience is something else entirely. Saltair is privately owned and many of the local moral guardians are too involved

covering up their own sexual depravity to discover the sex party planned for November 8.

—Johnny Phukr



## 40 Island 1959-1999

Volume 1 • 1959-1964 • *Ska's The Limit*

Volume 2 • 1964-1969 • *Rhythm & Blues Beat*  
Island Records

Island doesn't actually celebrate their 40th Anniversary for two more years, but the label issued two volumes of early music in advance. As the booklet to Volume 1 explains Island was formed in Kingston by Chris Blackwell to release Jamaican R&B. The first four tracks are exactly that. The best of the four is Laurel Aitken's "Boogie In My Bones," one of Blackwell's first productions and a number one hit on Jamaican radio. The first side hinting at ska came after Blackwell moved his operations to London in 1962. "Independent Jamaica" by Lord Creator is calypso and while the jump blues of The Blues Busters' "Behold!" is still to come the remainder of Volume 1 contains early ska. The next sentence, copied directly from the CD booklet, reveals ska's roots. The year is 1964. "Ska itself had matured; although deriving from the boogie-based R&B, it was now drawing on Jamaican traditions - the revival 'handclap' church, the musical style mento - and synthesizing them into a unique new fusion." "Penny Reel" and "Bank To Bank" are the recorded examples. Two of the most worthy examples of early ska are Lord Tanamo's "Come Down" and Eric Morris' "Solomon Grundie." "Come Down" features a "Three Blind Mice" trumpet solo and "Solomon Grundie" has a saxophone giving bugle calls. Robert Marley, Jimmy Cliff and The Maytals all appear with a ska tune from the past, but their songs aren't as impressive as the ones just mentioned. Millie Small closes the historic release with her one and only American hit, "My Boy Lollipop." Sound quality on the early recordings is a bit rough, but audiophile quality isn't expected or required for a release of this nature.

Inez and Charlie Fox had a U.S. hit with "Mockingbird" in 1963. Blackwell licensed the song from Sue Records and started his own



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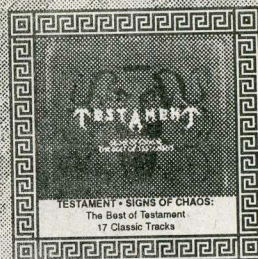
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version of Sue in England. Volume 2 opens with "Mockingbird," which is followed by Jimmy McGriff's "The Last Minute" and Donnie Elbert's "Little Piece Of Leather." R&B is intermixed with ska, rock steady, reggae and pop all over the volume. Little Joe Cook turns in a version of "Stormy Monday Blues," Bob & Earl appear with "Harlem Shuffle" and Robert Parker's "Barefootin'" is included. "Guns Of Navarone" is one of the more famous ska instrumentals and the original Skatalites version is presented along with "Rub Up, Push Up" by Justin Hinds & The Dominoes, "Dancing Mood," by Delroy Wilson and Desmond Decker's "Israelites." The Wailers, the V.I.P.s, and Harry J's All Stars each get a cut. What would an Island anniversary celebration be without the Spencer Davis Group? Winwood and company do blue-eyed soul with "Keep On Running" and their big hit single "Gimme Some Lovin'" is nearly a requirement for any documentary of the '60s. Call Volume 2 the party album of the two and learn that the Paragons originated "The Tide Is High," not Blondie.

—Baba Reggay



Howie B

#### Turn The Dark Off Island

I'm not sure about some of these song titles. "Fizzy In My Mouth/Your Mouth," "Sore Brown Eyes," "Baby Sweet Corn," "Switch" and "Butt Meat" appear a bit gay for my orientation. Since most of us encounter supervisory personnel who do nothing except play switch all day long that particular number has two meanings. Some people don't know how to play switch. The rules are very simple. Stick one thumb in your mouth and the other up your butt, now switch. I told you your boss plays switch all day didn't I? Gay or not Howie B's album is all, or nearly all instrumental. The categorization fits the media coined term of "electronica." Radio fodder of the nature the Chemical Brothers, Daft Punk or Sneaker Pimps produce is not readily apparent. Beats are kept to a respectable number per minute and the dub factor is easy to discern. No, I'm not going to define dub. If

you don't know what it is find out. Strangely enough Robbie Robertson co-wrote "Take Your Partner By The Hand" with Howie. He does the spoken word as if he were Allan Ginsberg and I'm wondering if he's been smoking the peace pipe or dipping into the stash Owsley provided back in '66. More and more hippies are turning on to electronic ambiance of an experimental dub nature and forsaking the ever increasing number of faceless, generic hordes impossible to distinguish from each other on the basis of music alone. Take encouragement from Howie B and chant Om. *Turn The Dark Off* is most pleasant and there is a lyric sheet. A lyric sheet included with an instrumental album? You figure it out.

—Anarkiss

#### Fondly

##### F Is For...

##### Scratchie

The disc is an advance with blurbs on the rear partially comprised of these words, "Fondly come straight from the heart of Chicago's vaunted underground with a sound that combines the edginess of Wire, Minutemen and early Devo with the melodicism and wit of Yo La Tengo." Red Red Meat's Brian Deck produced and although details on instrumentation are lacking, this next blurb would have one believing a moog is used, "...the album swings from such mood tinged rockers as '4H' to the plaintive styles of 'Leave It Out.'" When a writer calls on the names of Yo La Tengo, Wire, Devo and the Minutemen the band had best live up to the comparisons or the blurbs become wholly hype.

I guess "Take Your Time" and "Dirk's Dream," especially "Dirk's Dream," are candidates for the year's best moog usage. "Dirk's Dream" pretty much dispenses with the guitar, drum and bass interference thus heightening the listening pleasure offered by moog. *F Is For...* contains 16 songs. Eleven of them are mildly entertaining pop with various "new wave" references. "Sucking On The Root" bears an 11:34 time designation, but about nine of those minutes are silent. That song, once it begins, "Cells," "Bacchus II," "Five Finger Slots," and "Tooth pick House" are reasons to praise Fondly. Why the band didn't make an entire album of such rockin' racket is an interview question. Call *F Is For...* an EP for enlightened listeners with the remaining LPs worth of material directed to the commercial-minded.

—Colin Oldham

#### Chief Broom

##### Bluejay Records

They are the hottest band in Boulder, Colorado. They beat out Zuba, Lord Of Word and Chitlin in a battle of the bands to determine which local band would play the H.O.R.D.E. tour. Oh Sweet Melissa won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz and a means to wipe hippie bands off the planet. They are Chief

Broom, "original groove music from Boulder, Co." There are two elements on the self-titled CD that could actually save Chief Broom in the future. They've only been together about a year and time remains. Let Jessica Goodkin, the only female in the group, sing the songs. Develop the songs around the piano, forget the Rhodes, Wurlitzer and Horner clavinet. The few shining moments in a CD filled with more hippie clichés than any band deserves to play occur when Goodkin sings or Dave (D Train) Cieri concentrates on the piano. "There You Go" is a pleasant rip-off of the Grateful Dead and "Colossus" is dawg music with piano. If Chief Broom took the jazz chops they so obviously have and dispensed with Allman Bros. and Dead cypocating then they'd have something. Because of the groove and jam and the inability to use strengths instead of derivative demonstrations in lack of creativity the debut comes off as tedious and boring. Speaking of tedious and boring, after nine tedious and boring songs Chief Broom offers up a hidden track that is more tedious and boring than the other nine. Tricky, oh they are so tricky and tedious and boring. Is there really a need for another hippie band? Watch for them to appear ad nauseam around Salt Lake City in the next year.

—Jack Kerokee

#### 16 Horsepower

##### Ditch Digger CD 5

##### A&M

The full-length, *Lower Estate* is already out in Europe. Actually it's been out in Europe since August 25 and it sold over 20,000 copies in the first month. Another comment on American musical taste perhaps? As if one were required. "Ditch Digger" has David Eugene Edwards pickin' his banjo and howling like a semi-deranged "Yodelin' Brakeman" caught with strep throat and his pants around his ankles. I'm not sure what demons possess the mind of Edwards, but there is little doubt they are fearsome. He and band, Jean-Yves Tola remaining on drums, Pascal Humbert joining on bass/upright bass and Jeffrey Paul, also new to 16 Horsepower on backup vocals, fiddle, guitar, cello and organ, stalk the tunes as dirges played to a cult fashioned around worshipping each shovel full of dirt as it strikes a coffin lid. Worship ends when the grave is filled. "Brimstone Rock," "For Heaven's Sake" and "Haw" were recorded live as the band performed at the Eftenar, Eindhoven. Claps and cheers from the appreciative audience are included. 16 Horsepower are the darkest Goth band Goth's have yet to discover. The rendition of "Bad Moon Rising" 16 Horsepower turns in has me wondering if John Fogerty wrote the song at the famous crossroads. Personally I can't wait for *Second Estate* to see American release. I'm searching for an import copy.

—Silas



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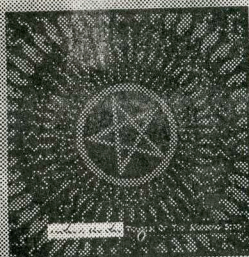
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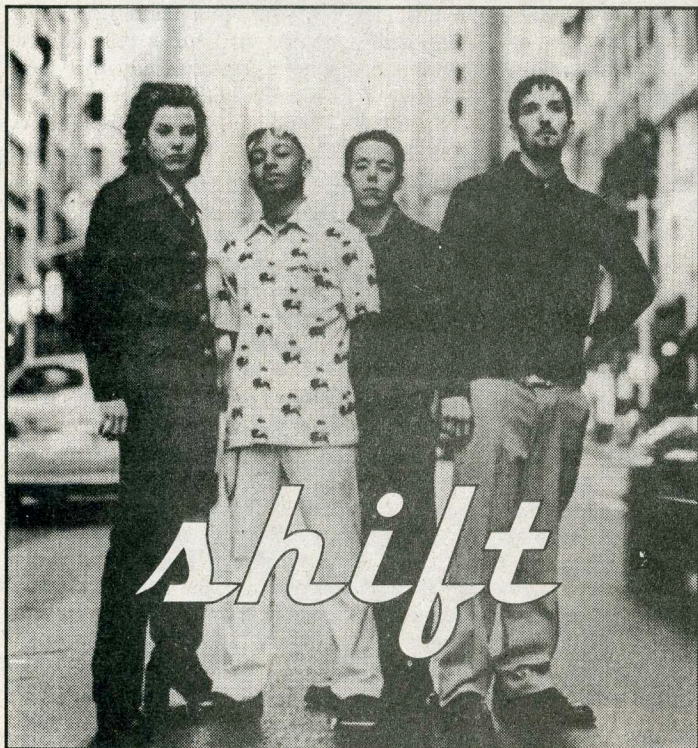
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# LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEWS



Yes, it is a brand new month and it is time once again for SLUG Magazine to furnish an opinion on November's live music calendar. It's the SLUG "critics picks." Bullshit is absent because anonymity is present. The information provided is not a service for the reader's benefit. The mere mention of a performer's name is enough to coax a record label into sending a CD. Tra-la-la-la-la, it's off to the used store. How do you think we make our livings? I sold every single disc of every single band represented here and my rent is paid until the next SLUG Lame Ass Concert Preview page is published. If the dates and places are incorrect, please remember that this is written under the influence of Prozac, cocaine and Budweiser. It is only an opinion and calling a club hot line is the best way to gain actual information....maybe. Half of the time the clubs can't get things straight either and since this is Salt Lake City about two-thirds of the bands will cancel. First up is what to avoid.

Phish, Freddy Jones, The

Samples, Jethro Tull; the promoters are leading the lambs to slaughter. If Steve Winwood were about 15 and fronting the Spencer Davis Group his appearance would excite. As things currently stand he's almost as insipid as Phil Collins and he will attract the same audience. Fuck that show. God Street Wine is another band for incense, a copy of Dupree's *Diamond News*, plenty of pot and an audience of winos. Those who love the band know what Dupree's *Diamond News* is all about. The rest don't care. As if all that weren't enough Five Fingers Of Funk, Calobo, Zuba and String Cheese Incident are returning again. I bet some people in the Pacific Northwest and Colorado are about as excited to see the Jackmormons. Now that the 30th Anniversary celebration is complete and winter is on the way it is important to remember that the corner of Haight and Ashbury became a haven for meth heads and criminals during the winter of '67. It was a dark time and the dark days continue. On November 8 McCulloch's, a

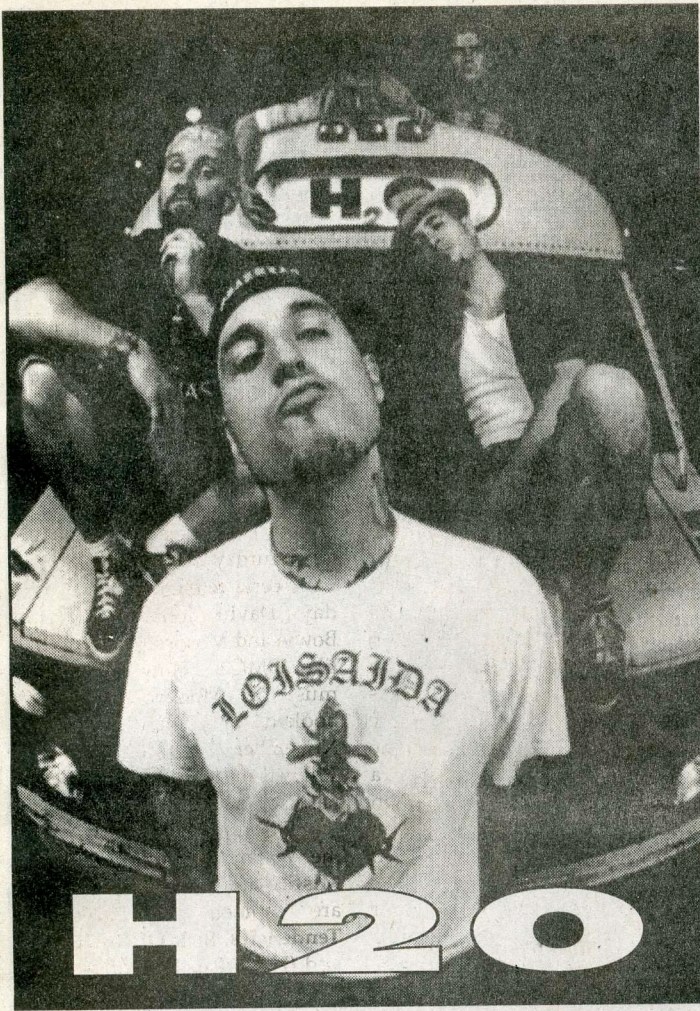
private club for members, has booked Clan Of Xymox. McCulloch's is located at the Ritz bowling alley on State Street in South Salt Lake City. Clan Of Xymox is a Dutch group also going by the name of Xymox. In previous incarnations during the mid-'80s to the early '90s Xymox danced around Eurodisco and synth pop even as the shroud of fragile depression created a mood through lyrical expression. 4AD provided a home during the '80s. 4AD has turned on the miniature-foot-locker-as-purse and black-clothed in the present day, but Clan Of Xymox is back to please. If cruising State is a chosen Saturday night form of entertainment please slow down between 21st and 27th South. The dark forms darting through traffic are humans. On November 15 Death In June arrives to please the Goth cultists. Many respected members of the media read *SLUG Magazine* while sitting on the toilet. The Death In June appearance is a good time to ship the television cameras down to the Avalon Theatre and interview actual Goths. Do they actually drink blood? Inspect their mouths for the presence of fangs and inspect their appendages for scars of self-mutilation, but if the media choose to enter the Theatre the music inside will be more in-tune with the new age tinklings of their home cocoons. Acoustic guitar and percussion is expected to fill the room and although the ambient darkness of the atmosphere is reminiscent of mystical ceremonies the euphony is hardly as fearsome as that which fastidious religious cultists calling Salt Lake City the "land of Zion" have promoted as evil.

Since we're still feeling nostalgic there are a few more names from the past to list. Slaughter is booked at the Holy Cow with the L.A. Guns as the warm-up act. The last time L.A. Guns came to town they were attempting a style change. Thankfully, at least for big-haired females and balding-head-bangers, the band has returned to their glam band phase and Slaughter? I'm going to this one for sure. Tickets for Mötley Crüe went on sale on November 1. I'm imagining all pawn shops are filled with Craftsman socket wrenches, beat-up Stratocaster

guitars purchased in about 1982 and not played since 1983 and Nova titles because tickets cost \$36. Who would pay \$36 to see Mötley Crüe on December 5, 1997? Who would pay \$2.99 for the fizzy shit that turned shit blue - Mötley Brüe? Wasn't high school fun? Actually back in high school the metal guys were the bad boys and the student body officers were all into Modern English and Orange Juice. Former Orange Juice frontperson Edwyn Collins continues emulating a solo career with the release of *I'm Not Following You* and an appearance at the Zephyr Club. The new release is akin to Bill Murray's lounge singer character on Saturday Night Live reruns with eerie references to modern day David Johansen, David Bowie and Morrissey. If it sounds like OMC's "How Bizarre" it must be. Modern English is booked at Liquid Joe's on November 22. "I Melt With You" still gets me hard, and speaking of hard some hard shit is coming.

First up is the first show at the Wasatch Event Center. The Misfits are headlining and they are joined by Suicidal Tendencies, Sick Of It All, H2O and (HED) P.E. That's five bands for \$15 and it is a show for all ages. So what if the new guy can't replace Glen. *American Psycho* is better than anything Glen's done since Samhain. Suicidal Tendencies and Sick Of It All don't need much introduction to local hard guys. H2O has a brand new example of post-punk (I love that term), post-alternative music to make sissy boys writing about how much techno and Brit-pop have changed their lives cry. These fuckers are in a rage and *Thicker Than Water* is such a prime example of American hardcore that the blockheads at strip mall chain stores of a similar name don't understand. All mall or strip mall minimum wage employees are cowering beneath an endcap of Rolling Stones CDs in the Meatloaf section of the store whenever the very mention of any of these band names encounters ears enamored by the latest Cure product. (HED) P.E. are another Orange County hardcore, hip hop, jazz and metal export. Wear body armor or garments if planning to attend.





**Anthrax** has me feeling nearly as nostalgic as the Misfits mention, thus continuing November's theme of thanksgiving for the old days. **Coal Chamber** is also scheduled and their record is still moving up the CMJ Metal Chart, or something. **Pantera**, yes, **Pantera** has released a live album describing what they have planned for the November 24 concert. Is that ticket hard enough?

On November 16 **Alan Jackson** joins **Deana Carter** at the Delta Center. He's the guy selling Ford trucks on TV and she's the housewife singing about hairy legs. Here's a quick run down on the folk and blues. **Lucy Kaplansky** is at the U on November 7, **Suzzy Roche**, the youngest of the Roche sisters, is traveling around the good old United States all by herself in a car. She will perform at the U on November 21. **Nanci Griffith** has decided that her baby boomer appeal is lacking so she is bringing the Crickets with her. I don't

believe **Waylon Jennings** is one of them, does he know something? **Beth Orton** isn't really folk. She's a little more current than the average singer/songwriter, but **David Poe**, no relation to POE, is a singer/songwriter with a more traditional version of the music and he is appearing with her. The gig is at the Zephyr on November 12. **Richmond Fontaine** isn't really traditional either, but he'll be at Spanky's twice, maybe. The preliminary dates are November 12 and 22. Most of the blues information is preliminary and most of it is at the Dead Goat. **Joanna Conner** at the Zephyr is the one notable exception. She rocks my world as hard as **Debbie Davies** or **Debra Coleman** and she records for **Blind Pig**, the home of female blues artists. The Dead Goat has **Greg Piccolo**, some guy named **Alligator** and the return of **Lavelle White**. **Lavelle White** is a nasty old black woman. She makes the white boy's dicks shrivel all up. Is that a recommendation? The Dead Goat also has

**Carolyn Wonderland** booked. She's like **Janis Joplin** without the Southern Comfort and drunken sexual experimentation. Old school rap is at the Holy Cow on November 9. **Run DMC** was and is one of the best, but I still don't see **Afrika Bambaataa** playing **Salt Lake City**. Do you want jazz? **John McLaughlin** is at **Kingsbury Hall** on November 13. What year is it? **Fusion** at **Kingsbury Hall** is highly reminiscent of late '70s, early '80s activity. **Fabio Zanon** is a classical guitarist from Brazil. He will perform at **St. Marks Cathedral** on November 11. A whole group of silly bastards are booked at **East High School** on November 22. I can't remember what this concert is called and the **Breeze** is helping promote it. **Craig Chaquico**, **Peter White**, **Richard Elliot** and **Rick Braun** are names causing projectile vomiting in my sordid living conditions, but the promoters need the money. **Swing** and **country** are mostly absent, but **Big Bad Voodoo Daddy** has rescheduled at the Zephyr on November 20 and **Jesse Dayton** is moving down a door or two to encore the version of country twang 'n' rock last viewed at **Spanky's**. He'll be at the Zephyr on November 25. Speaking of country twang 'n' rock the Zephyr has another secret on their calendar. **Citizen's Utilities** is heralded in the pages of *No Depression*. I've seen **Peter Blackstock** in action and I tend to agree with **Wolf/Frost**, the man (*No Depression* editor) has an ego larger than his brain. Don't hold that against **Citizen's Utilities** because at least one member of the band has cuffs in his jeans and roots in the 'billy. **Citizen's Utilities** is the opening act for **God Street Wine** on November 10. Why not pretend it's England and have a **Teddy Boy** vs. hippie riot outside the club? Why not stereotype an entire race based on the behavior of a few members and drive out to the E Center searching for cocaine on November 16? **Enrique Iglesias** will likely sell the place out.

Now for the required shows. The **Dandy Warhols** are required. These fuckers are so psychedelic that no one gets it and **Treble Charger** is opening. The show is at **Liquid Joe's** on November 10. **Shift**, **Far** and **Man Will**

**Surrender** all play various versions of slap-on **Skin Bracer** after shave music for the ears. That one is tentatively scheduled for DV8 on November 12. **Verbowl** is returning to **Spanky's** on November 15. It's a punk rock boy with a guitar and a classically trained girl with a cello singing songs of such beauty that tears flow. The date is November 15. The opening act is **I Could Never Hope**. They are semi-local and they have this cassette only release that kicks most local CDs out of the competition. **Sarah McLachlan** receives a mention because she started the whole **Lillith Fair** thing and the local promoters were stupid enough not to book the show locally. "What if I loose money? They're all female." Doesn't anyone realize how many lesbians live in **Salt Lake City**? When the woman in the check out line at **Smiths** has more hair on her upper lip than you can grow on your natty bald-head take the hint. That juice grows hair, it's better than **Rogain**, lick one today and stick your head in there. **AFI** and **We All Fall Down** are scheduled for DV8 on November 21, **Chuck** is all punk rock and that band will play one night only in **Ogden** on November 22. The spot is the **O-Town Tavern**. All the local promoters who passed on the **Lillith Fair** are cordially invited to the **Bibliotech Cafe** on November 25. **The Need** is playing and while most girl friends aren't aware of the band the turn-out is expected to be male in attire with breasts and vaginas as a part of the anatomy. On November 26 I'm showing up at the Zephyr for sound check. I want to see **Ben Folds** **Five** load the grand piano into the club this time. **Travis** is touring with them. The last date **SLUG** has is **Gus Gus** at DV8 on November 30. The band does the techno thing and based on past techno bookings they might skip **Salt Lake** for the friendlier atmosphere offered by **Vegas**, or is that **Death In Vegas** or is that the **Vegas** techno act **Crystal Method**? Fuck I don't know and my brain doesn't function reliably because of the **Prozac**. Have some fun, go to a show and "Support Local Music." **Helen Wolf** does and look where it got him/her.

—The Chicken Dancer



# DAILY CALENDAR

Wednesday, November 5

KLUB EKLESTACY - Ashbury Pub  
Eight Buck Experience - Burt's Tiki  
Central City Blues Band - Dead Goat  
Marigold, Similar Opposition & Velvet Alex -  
Spankys  
Echo & the Bunnymen - Zephyr

Thursday, November 6

Atomic Deluxe - Ashbury Pub  
Yuris World - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Humungus Fungus - Dead Goat  
Concentrated Evil - Spankys  
Mr. Furly & Regal Beagels - Zephyr

Friday, November 7

Elbo Finn & Chill - Ashbury Pub  
Atomic Delux - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
House of Cards - Dead Goat  
Moral Crux & Zillionaires - O-Town Tavern  
Cokleo - Spankys  
Rubber Neck - Zephyr

Saturday, November 8

Mountain Hippie Band - Ashbury Pub  
Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Backwash - Dead Goat  
Gina French - The Crocodile Lounge  
Jack Mormons - Zephyr

Sunday, November 9

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Cadillac Voodoo Choir - Zephyr

Monday, November 10

John Flandels & Reversible Things - Ashbury  
Pub  
Latin Jazz - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Greg Piccolo & Heavy Juice - Dead Goat  
God Street Wine - Zephyr

Tuesday, November 11

James Shook - Ashbury Pub  
Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Goat Jam - Dead Goat  
Uneven & Wag the Dog - O-Town Tavern  
Power Shift - Zephyr

Wednesday, November 12

KLUB EKLESTACY - Ashbury Pub  
Record Comp Lounge Party - Burt's Tiki  
Lounge  
Spittin Lint - Dead Goat  
Shift, Far, Man Will Surrender, Trip Hammer  
- DV8  
Nomenclature & Richmond Fontaine -  
Spankys  
Beth Orton - Zephyr

Thursday, November 13

House of Cards - Burt's Tiki Lounge

Andy Monaco - Dead Goat

Nine Spine Stickleback & Sand - Spankys

Friday, November 14

Baby Jason & the Spankers - CD Release  
Party - Ashbury Pub  
Second Hand Grace - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Cops and Robbers - Dead Goat  
Thirsty Alley & Cork - Spankys  
Kris Zeeman - The Crocodile Lounge  
Five Fingers of Funk - Zephyr

Saturday, November 15

Tim Wray of Fat Paw opening for Baby  
Jason & the Spankers - CD Release  
Party - Ashbury Pub  
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Hostage - Dead Goat  
I Could Never Hope, Verbo & Beautiful  
Loser - Spankys  
Mary Tebbs & Mark Ricker - The Crocodile  
Lounge  
Five Fingers of Funk - Zephyr

Sunday, November 16

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Edwyn Collins - Zephyr

Monday, November 17

Chola - Ashbury Pub  
Latin Jazz - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Harry Lee & Back Alley - Dead Goat

Tuesday, November 18

Mary Tebbs - Ashbury Pub  
Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Goat Jam - Dead Goat  
Garden Weasel - O-Town Tavern  
Joanna Conner - Zephyr

Wednesday, November 19

KLUB EKLESTACY - Ashbury Pub  
Unlucky Boys - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Central City Blues Band - Dead Goat  
Mac Swanky Trio & Sons of Speyburn -  
Spankys  
Dear Liza - Zephyr

Thursday, November 20

Kirsty MacDonald & Lorraine Horstmanhoff  
- Ashbury Pub  
Dale Lee, Phil Miller & Bob Smith - Burt's  
Tiki Lounge  
Kendall Clukey - Dead Goat  
Velvet Alex & Fistful - Spankys  
Big Bad Voodoo Daddy - Zephyr

Friday, November 21

Sun Masons - Ashbury Pub  
Abstrak - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
AFI, The Force, We All Fall Down, Due Time

- DV8

Mary Tebbs Trio - Dead Goat  
Swamp Donkeys - Spankys  
Pillbox - The Crocodile Lounge  
Fat Paw - Zephyr

Saturday, November 22

The Donner Party - Ashbury Pub  
Pagan Love Gods - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Trouser Trout - Dead Goat  
Chuch & Dodgeball - O-Town Tavern  
Lugnut, Moon Family & Richmond Fontaine  
- Spankys  
Kris Zeeman - The Crocodile Lounge  
Calobo - Zephyr

Sunday, November 23

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, November 24

Icarma - Ashbury Pub  
Latin Jazz - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Miss Lavelle White - Dead Goat

Tuesday, November 25

John Cavanaugh - Ashbury Pub  
Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Goat Jam - Dead Goat  
PCP Berzerker & Lugnut - O-Town Tavern  
Jesse Dayton - Zephyr

Wednesday, November 26

KLUB EKLESTACY - Ashbury Pub  
Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Humungus Fungus - Dead Goat  
Claytons Project - Spankys  
Ben Folds Five - Zephyr

Thursday, November 27

Poink - Spankys  
Pagan Love Gods - Zephyr

Friday, November 28

Second Hand Grace - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Carolyn Wonderland & the Imperial  
Monkeys - Dead Goat  
King Trance & Sea of Jones - Spankys  
Clayton Carr - The Crocodile Lounge  
Gamma Rays - Zephyr

Saturday, November 29

Pagan Love Gods - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Clots - Dead Goat  
Power Scream - Spankys  
Mighty Dave & the Cresant City Thunder -  
The Crocodile Lounge  
Salsa Brava - Zephyr

Sunday, November 30

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat





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